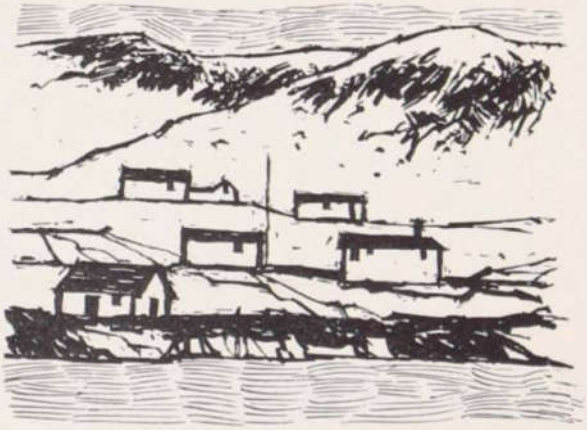
The Beaver

AUTUMN 1969

from sea to sea...

across the span

of nearly three centuries



OURS IS A TRADITION OF SERVICE TO CANADIANS

Hudson's Bay Company

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

Editor: Malvina Bolus

AUTUMN 1969
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BEAVER
Haida chief's headdress

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A NORTHERN JOURNAL

FURTHER EXCERPTS FROM A DIARY IN THE LATE SUMMER OF 1968

By George Woodcock

EDMONTON

Saturday before Labour Day. We leave for Yellowknife from Edmonton's Industrial Airport, north of the city, the plane packed with local people returning with their children from holidays Outside to Fort Smith and Yellowknife, greeting and gossiping, so that the trip seems like a neighbourhood outing. Coming from the conservative, still missionary-dominated communities of the Central Arctic, we are surprised by the sudden contemporaneity of fashion; for the younger women, mini-skirts of daring brevity are almost the rule.

Cruise over the cubist patterns of grain and fallow, edge of prairie fading out into taiga, which continues, monotonous, black-green, blue-pitted with lakes, till we sight Slave River. A wide, strong, brown river, broken by white rapids which guard great nimbus-shaped islands pointed with sandbanks, the rest grass and woodland.

Fort Smith, border community of the Northwest Territories. The pilot obligingly swings over the village to show the rectangle of roads breaking abruptly away where a great slide has taken place, a whole benchside collapsing, the houses spilt down its side like fallen plastic toys. At Fort Smith Indians replace the passengers who have left; they seem better off, less bitter than those in Churchill; two girls dressed in impeccable southern

Indian village at the old town of Hay River on the south shore of Great Slave Lake. Painting by Maurice Haycock.

fashionableness. (Curious how strongly one realises in the North that Canada *has* a South, as distinctive as the American!)

Follow Slave River like a wide road of water to its delta, where Great Slave Lake, here spattered with islands, stretches before us into rainy invisibility. It is blowy as we cross, the whitecaps visible even from the plane; I remember how the rain and wind held Mackenzie up in the great lake on his way to the Arctic.

YELLOWKNIFE

Coming in across the indented shoreline, swing over the new town laid out like painted tiles back from the lake, incongruous geometry in a shapeless wilderness of rock and scrub. Drive from airport through the low, ragged woods, decorated with boards announcing mining claims.

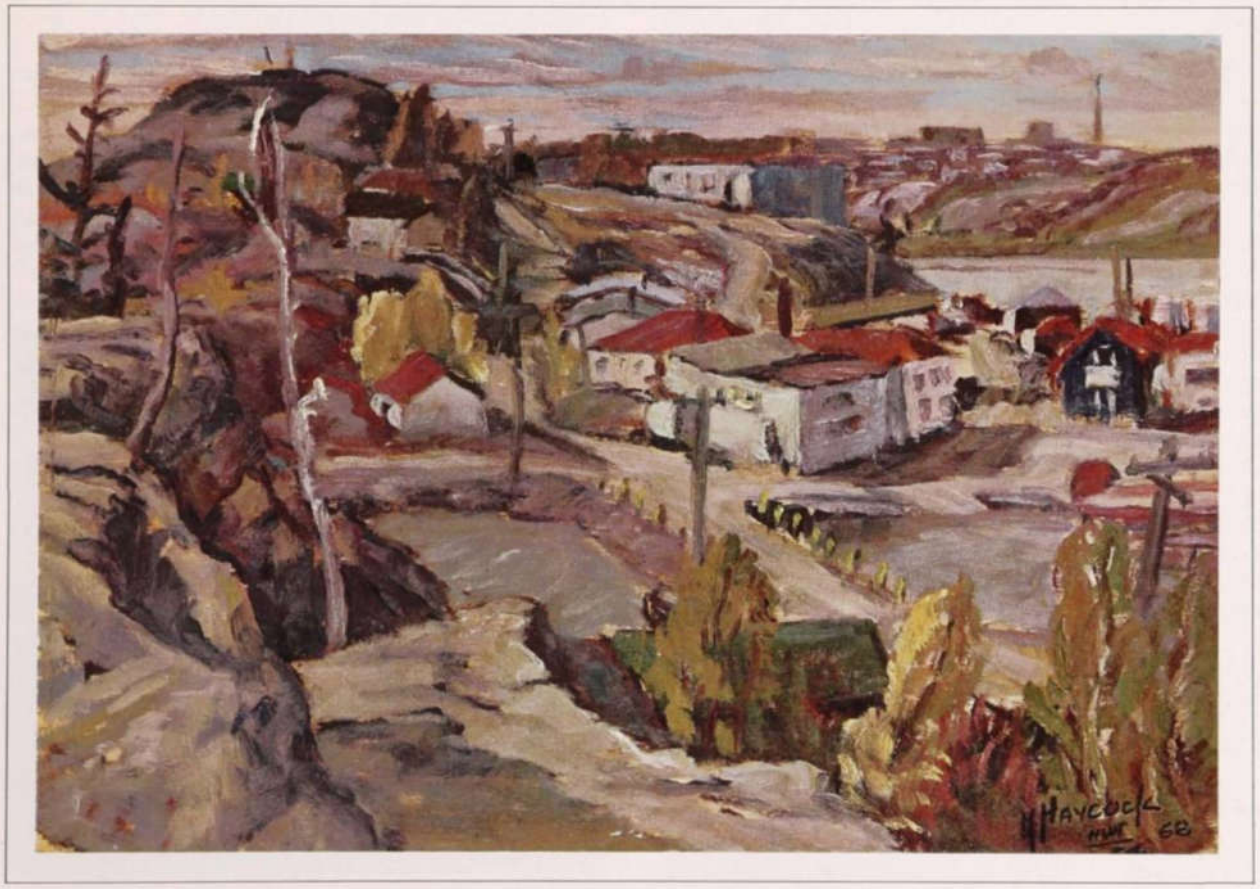
No room in the rawly new Yellowknife Hotel; we settle unhappily for a miners' hotel in the old style, a tacky wash-basin room where the bed is unmade, the window cracked and jammed open with a tobacco tin, the maids gossiping outside. More than two hours later a room is vacant in the Yellowknife. We go back to the miners' hotel to check out; still the bed is unmade, the maids gossip in the same position, like people in a recurrent bad dream.

In the dining room of the Yellowknife, all the Northern types come together. The Canadians and the immigrants who have made the North their own; even two young Mexicans speaking their sibilant Spanish. The coarse old sweats, half-rotted by alcohol; the other old men, whom life in the North gives a look of almost Gidean spareness and intensity. The smartly turned-out, blue-tinted IODE matrons; the harassed young moms in slacks and curlers. The young toughs, with tight-trousered strut and chewed toothpicks; the bearded young intellectuals of survey or photography teams, some very mod, with Dundreary whiskers under great, broad Stetsons. The Indians, in beaded moccasins slipped into galoshes, a few drunk, most sober and self-possessed, coming in from the villages around the lake; a little Dogrib girl, with much delight, eats apple pie a la mode with Coca Cola, and follows it up with chips well soused in ketchup.

From the menu:

PROSPECTOR'S SPECIAL $4.75
JUICE
BUTTERED TOAST
SIX EGGS AND SIX SLICES OF BACON
20 OZ. CLUB STEAK
SIX CUPS OF COFFEE

The old town of Yellowknife "hastily built on a peninsula" in the mining rush. Painting by Maurice Haycock, 1968.



GEORGE HUNTER

Looking from the new townsite of Yellowknife to the old town, some years ago.

Yellowknife began about 1929, but the real boom was in 1934-5. It started as a mining community; there was nothing before. The Indians gravitated there after the miners, and even now they are still a small proportion of the population, about 280 out of 5,000.

In January 1967 Yellowknife became capital of the Northwest Territories. Government at last competed with mining as main industry. Transfer of power from Ottawa has taken place by stages. Three DC7's filled with officials were flown in. The bureaucrats set up offices in bowling alleys; the Elks Hall became a meeting house for the Territorial Council. The administration is still rather pleasantly improvisatory, and the officials, from the Commissioner downward, are unOttawaishly approachable.

Yellowknife is now a municipality, the only one in the Territories. Education is locally controlled, completely integrated; Indians and others learn together up to grade twelve. In the schools of the Central Arctic the limit is grade six.

In Yellowknife, like everywhere else in the North except Dawson City, the H B C is the largest store, but here it has many competitors; Yellowknife is in the transition from a northern pioneer settlement to a conventional Canadian town. (It is even expecting to host conventions next year.) Alan Thorburn, H B C manager, runs what is virtually a miniature department store; most curious item, for me, a pile of tin trunks, like those one sees in India, used by local people who still, like the sahibs, send their children out to boarding school. The Indian trade, mostly from families who come at weekend from Rae and other lakeside villages, is now only a small proportion of total business. And of that, fur in turn is only a small proportion. Indeed, most furs traded at Yellowknife are not local or Indian, but brought in on chartered planes by Eskimos who hunt the Barrens west of Keewatin catching white fox, beaver, mink and muskrat.

GEORGE HUNTER

Frank McCall, ex-pilot now federally involved in natural resources of NW Territories, takes us our first trip around Yellowknife. First to the old town of the early rush, hastily built in cabin form on a peninsula, rocky-peaked and linked by narrow isthmus to the mainland where present town now stands. Distantly, it reminds one of Syracuse in Sicily and the peninsula where old town of Ortygia was built. But there is something quite unMediterranean in the air of wildness given by the piled shoulders of bare grey rock, with scrubby bushes, fireweed, coarse grasses growing in their crevices, and on the summit the stark monument to the Bush Pilots of Canada, over which the great ravens of Yellowknife soar and croak. Around the base of the peninsula, in sheltered pockets among the low conifers, are little wooden cottages of the old-timers, with splendid flower and vegetable gardens. The flowers, like all flowers of the North, have intense, vivid colours. If the dark local soil is properly limed and fertilised, the vegetables grow large and well-flavoured; the season is longer and warmer than in the Central Arctic, and the summer hours of sunlight are far more than in southern Canada.

In the sheltered coves of the peninsula, half-hidden behind little islets and yellow-green reedbeds, are the sheds and anchorages where Otter, Cessna and Dornier float planes ride; from the Bush Pilots monument, they look like bright fish lures on the blue water. Thirty-seven such planes operate out of Yellowknife. At other anchorages boats are moored, a police cruiser, a fish packer. The commercial fishing is for lake trout and especially whitefish; most of the latter is flown to Chicago, where it is in demand among the Jewish community.

The trees are turning already. On the 1st September they are yellow and red. In two weeks' time snow flurries will come, but the size of Great Slave Lake delays the freezeup. It comes usually in the last week of October, but boats have made the journey to Fort Smith as late as November. Here, within the tree line, the winter is far shorter than on Hudson Bay.

Most of the Indians live in the old town on the peninsula. A few have moved into the new town, but generally they prefer to be away on the lakeshore, where they can put out their nets, keep their canoes and dog-teams. Most live in the minute shacks Indian Affairs originally provided for the native peoples in the North. In a gully of rocks and scrub, three of the new "three-bedroom" (meaning three-cubicle) homes we have seen among the Eskimos are being built, but rather, one feels, as a gesture to a program.

Back over the isthmus, in the new town, are well-architectured modern schools, large churches which still rank as missions because they are not self-supporting, houses like small-town clapboard houses anywhere in western Canada, with birch trees around them and bright gardens. In his garden, unshaven among the still-flowering peas, we come upon Stuart Hodgson, Commissioner for the Territories, and talk about common acquaintances in the Central Arctic. The North is like a miraculously expanded small town, where the everyones who are anyones all know each other.

Among the rock outcrops on the edge of town, the bulldozers are tracing muddy roads ending in morasses for the new subdivision, and carpenters are hurriedly nailing sheets of plywood on to the frame of a flimsy apartment block that must be completed before winter for the official aristocracy. The new industry is booming!

As a mining community Yellowknife marks time, envying Coppermine on the Arctic Sea, where 40,000 claims have been staked out; the copper is being mined by open pit process, and a winter road built to get the ore out across the Barrens. All the fortune hunters of Yellowknife

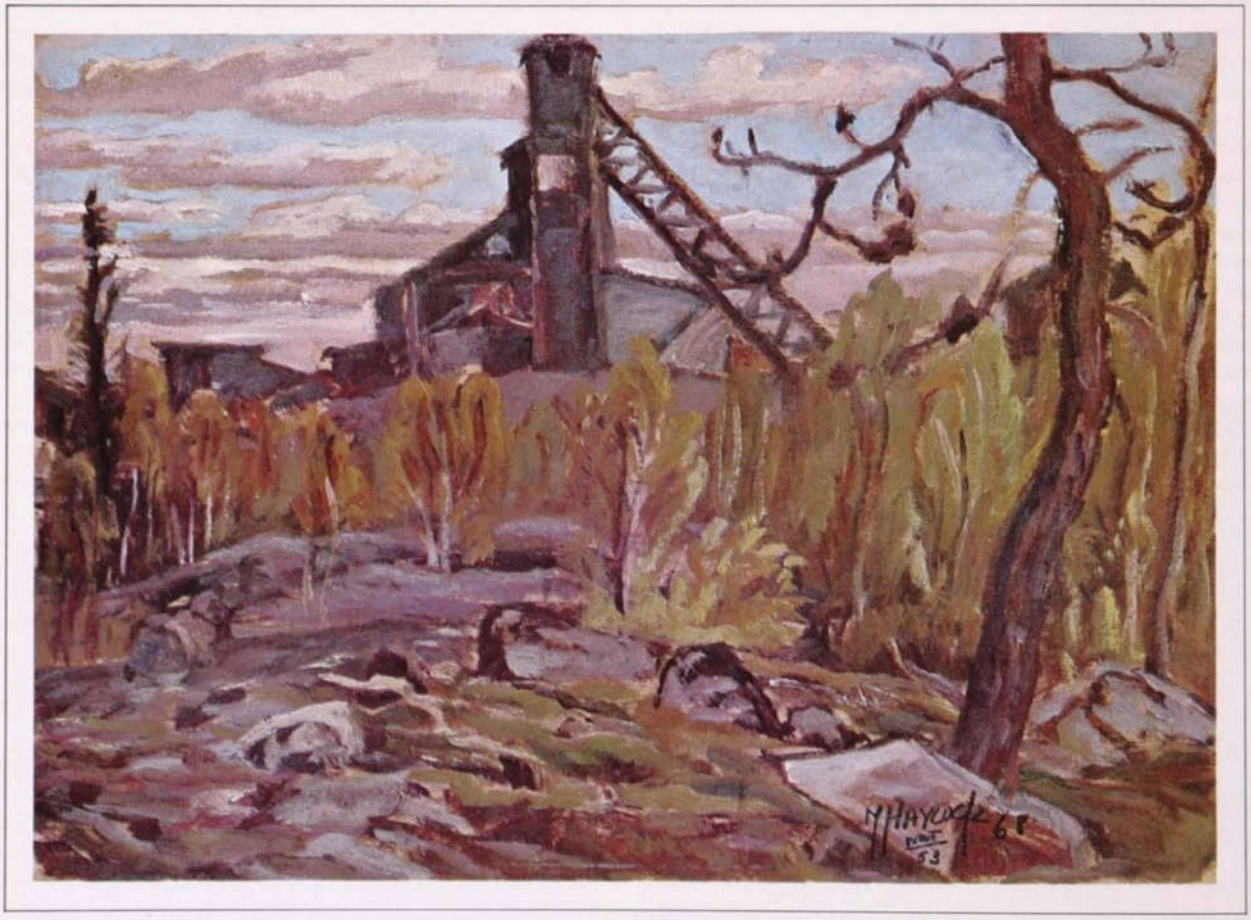
A skyscraper goes up in Yellowknife, to become an apartment block.

have left for Coppermine. The boom is even affecting the oil centre of Norman Wells on the Mackenzie. Formerly, Norman Wells provided enough oil for the Western Arctic and the Mackenzie region; since Coppermine opened up it is not sufficient, and oil must be brought in by tanker from outside.

The difference between Coppermine and Yellowknife reflects the difference between a speculative metal, like copper, for which prices in the world market fluctuate, and a fixed price metal, like gold. With gold the tendency now is towards conservation. For the most part the forty-mile reef of gold ore on which Yellowknife stands is untouched, claimed indeed, but waiting for the price to rise and a new world boom to begin. The two big mines still working, the Giant, with its sixty miles of underground galleries, and the Con, keep going at a relatively small profit.

Over the low scrub forest the mines' upper growths stand out in blunt relief—the mountains of tailings, the shaft-top towers and connected galleries and mills, glittering with aluminum sheeting, the Shield's equivalent to the grain elevator as a symbolic architectural form. At the Giant there is only the mine. The Con has its Company town, small white houses linked by the thick arteries of the utilidor system. The married workers and the unmarried are kept separate. The dormitories of the unmarried are half-a-mile away through the forest, with their dining halls, their store, even their laundry and dry-cleaning establishment. In Yellowknife the bunkhouse system, which still survives in the Central Arctic, is no longer acceptable to the younger miners. Each man has his own room, and it is more than a mere cubicle.

After the high wages which attract men into the Central Arctic, the miners' pay seems low. They receive a basic rate of $2.40 an hour, and the ordinary miner earns about $20 a day. There is also a system of incentive pay by which many miners earn as much as $30 a day. If wages are lower than on Hudson's Bay, so are prices; goods come to Yellowknife on the railway to Hay River, thence by road or by barge across the Lake. Transportation determines styles and standards of living.



Closed down years ago, one of the old mines near Yellowknife that were responsible for creating the settlement.

The Indian village of Rae, set on a bleak stone outcrop at the northernmost tip of Great Slave Lake near where it is joined by Marion Lake.

INGE WOODCOCK

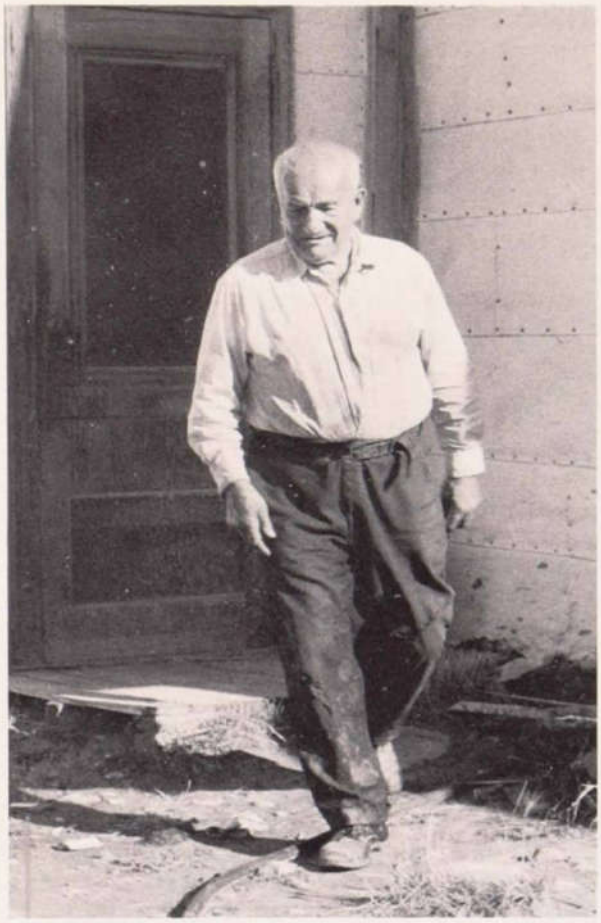
Among the miners are many Germans and Italians, making up a third of the town's population. We are told they are thrifty people, who often put their money into land and make small fortunes as Yellowknife grows from mining settlement into territorial capital.

Sunday morning. Set off for Lac la Martre. The mechanic is still tinkering with the little red waterplane when we reach the wharf; the lake can only be reached by air, unless one wishes to undertake a lengthy canoe and portage trip. The red-bearded pilot drives up with panache, braking shrilly and abruptly. "I hope he flies more cautiously than he drives," a girl who is with us says in a loud *enfant terrible* voice. The pilot assumes a romantic scowl. There are six of us, two not exactly lightweight, and the plane rides out heavily between the islets and the reedbeds, with the choppy waves of the lake hitting it in jarring bangs, until it rises reluctantly, curves slowly over the lake, and then inland, flying above a land paved with immense bare slabs of rock, often suffused with pink or green or purplish ore tints or gold-splashed with lichens; the little spruce and gilding poplars lodge in the folds between, and in the deeper crevices are peat-dark pools hemmed by reeds and speckled with water-lily pads. It is the ultimate edge of the Shield, verging on the Mackenzie Lowlands. There are patches of blackness, for even the sparse taiga has forest fires, and there are also fires on the tundra which spread rapidly through the thick dense vegetation and destroy the lichen vital to the life of the caribou.

Return eventually to Great Slave Lake—the northwestern arm—and the cloud closes in, thick curtains dragging drenching hems of rain. In five minutes everything is blacked out. We grit our teeth; everyone is perturbed, but if the pilot decides to go on, we shall all chew our stiff upper lips and grip our sweaty palms in silence. It is like a London pea-souper on a dark night. The pilot looks back towards the girl. He changes course, and we fly back out of the cloud, towards Yellowknife. All of us are relieved, but a little indignant. A bush pilot, we feel irrationally, should take the chances for us.

Still, there is the Indian village of Rae on the way back. We decide to put down there, though it will not be as interesting as the more isolated villages we had hoped to visit on Lac la Martre. Rae lies on a bleak stone outcrop jutting into the lake. We circle over it, seeing the white RC hospital near the red government jetty, the white church, the Indian houses scattered over the rock, with no gardens, the graves surrounded by little rectangular fences, the canoes upturned like bright pencils on the shore. Men are fishing offshore from other canoes; fishing, trapping, caribou, welfare, a little summer work, form basis for Indian life here. The pilot circles and circles, looking down at the shallows, the weedbeds, the decayed-looking mooring posts and fish traps. He has never landed here, he confesses. He wonders if he can land safely. He swings again and turns towards Yellowknife. We cease to be romantic about bush pilots, and understand that they survive by being realists.

In the North the short weeks of work time are utilized to the last minute. On Saturday men were working on the girders of a new building opposite the Hotel until the light had already gone and the floodlights had to be switched on; on Sunday they worked the same; even Labour Day has gone unhonoured. This is the only way anything can be done in the short season; the men do not object; they have come here to earn money quickly.



INGE WOODCOCK

One of the great Yellowknife citizens, Peter Baker, outside his cottage.

We go to see one of the great Yellowknife citizens, Peter Baker. Outside a little cottage on the peninsula, with an equally small log warehouse beside it, an old man in shirt and trousers is refurbishing his birch canoe so that he can go fishing. He is careful to explain to us that he does not do so for profit, but to get fish which he may give away to others. A dark-skinned Indian in an elaborately embroidered buckskin jacket comes up, and is introduced as Michel "of the celebrated wild duck case". There is a brisk barrage between him and Peter, and Michel walks off in a huff. Peter complains: "These Indians have no sense of humour!"

He then takes us into his cottage, apologizing that he has not cleared up his bachelor disorder. Disorder it is: garments scattered over the furniture, books and magazines everywhere, collapsing armchairs. But, proudly shown among it all, is the polished metal plate that stood at Peter Baker's place when he was the local elected member of the Territorial Council, and the coloured group photograph of the Council, with Stuart Hodgson, Abraham Okpik, Bob Williamson, Peter and all the other Northern worthies.

Peter offers us wine, a ruby-coloured concoction which also—he claims—he makes for his friends alone, lacing it with pure Lebanese alcohol. The wine is good and companionable, made from black currants that grow wild around the Great Slave Lake. Peter intends tomorrow to go off in his canoe to gather the fruit for another jorum before the winter sets in.

Peter's history now unfolds. His name is not that he was born with 81 years ago in a Lebanese village near Sidon. (Interestingly, he identifies himself as an Arab rather than as a Lebanese.) He came to Canada in 1909, a young man in his early twenties, and not long after the first World War reached the Mackenzie, setting up as an independent trader in 1921 at Rae, and bringing into the wilderness entirely new commodities. He sailed into Great Slave Lake with a scow full of oranges and lemons, the first the Indians had ever seen, and to this day they call him Orange. (As distinct from Bud Orange, the local MP, whose name really *is* Orange.) Since then he has spent his life setting up trading posts and, later, coffee shops, at remote spots in the wilderness, often gathering respectable nest-eggs. Out of Rae alone he made $50,000 before he withdrew. For the last six years he has been able to afford a trip back to Lebanon every winter. There he throws his weight about. He tells how he interrupted the guide at Baalbek, and accused him of being a liar because he claimed the great temples were built by the Romans; they were built, Peter asserts downrightly, by the Hittites four thousand years before the Romans came. Peter on this point is outrageously wrong, but I have to observe the conventions proper to a guest; I cannot contradict him, and doubt if it would do any good if I did.

He is still a man of astounding energy, resource and toughness. A year ago he went off with a dog team on his own in the winter on unannounced business. For three months he was not seen, and then emerged, none the worse for having lived this time on what he could catch on the Barren Land. Peter over the years has become an expert fisher, trapper and hunter, and in all other respects has mastered the skills of the North, which seems astonishing for a Levantine. But only if one forgets that Arabs are desert men, and that in many ways the desert and the tundra are alike, particularly in the terrible tests they impose on a man's powers of endurance.

Peter has remained devoted to the cause of the Indians whose trade raised him to a modest prosperity. It was largely their vote that sent him to the Territorial Council in 1964. Even now, at 81, he is contemplating yet another new venture, a store at a mine about to open at a place called Snowdrift—on the other side of the lake. Pioneers! O Pioneers!

A different and newer kind of Yellowknife citizen, and a pioneer in her own especial right, is Didi Woolgar. We encounter her on the ground floor of the hotel running a small art shop of a quality that would be satisfying anywhere, and that is astonishing so far away from the main centres of Canadian culture. Haunting collages, locally made, good pottery (some of it also local), well selected Eskimo work. She finds her effort so successful that it is hard to keep her shop stocked with good craft work, which is not easy to import over such a distance. She herself has been largely responsible for the expansion of artistic awareness in Yellowknife by organizing a Fine Arts Program (also highly successful) at the local vocational school, a program aimed at adults and especially at the women who, as Frank McCall remarks, are the underoccupied in a man's world. (Though, from what I have seen of northern women, I am inclined to doubt if it is so exclusively a man's world any more, or if they are so underoccupied; I found in many of them a wide-ranging and well-applied energy.)

A local CBC commentator comes into Didi's shop. Since I am freelancing for CBC on the trip, we talk shop. She tells of the jargon of the North she has to use in her morning gossip program so that her broadcasts are rarely aired Outside; it would involve something very near to a translation.

The Yellowknife Museum. A small, selected group of exhibits very capably and instructively arranged. The curator is a retired carpenter—27 years in Yellowknife and before that years down the Mackenzie, so that much more than half his life has been spent in the North. He is one of those who loves and clings to it, and feels alien in the South; he has made himself a pleasant home and a brilliant garden on the peninsula, and meant to stay for good, but illness is driving him away, and he is as sad as other men would be to going away from some Mediterranean paradise.

GEORGE HUNTER

Our last evening in Yellowknife. Alan Thorburn reminisces a great deal about his past as an H B C manager. He was at Kitwanga on the Skeena River in the beginning of the 1950s, before that on James Bay, and before that on Baffin Island.

He remembers the days of the old unheated Arctic stores, in which one would go down in winter with a storm lantern from the staffhouse, dressed in one's winter parkas of caribou skin, and trade the furs some Eskimo or Indian had brought in, standing on a bear rug and holding one's hands over the lantern.

He remembers also the days when tokens, of every denomination from ten cents to a dollar, were still used, and even formed the only currency in large parts of the North when the economy was a closed one, with Indians and Eskimos selling to the Hudson's Bay Company and buying from them exclusively. On James Bay he dealt with Indians who made profits on their trading, and who would get the Company to establish bank accounts on their behalf in Montreal. Others kept considerable credits at the stores. But they would never allow these credits to be used at the beginning of the season to purchase the supplies needed for the months of trapping ahead. The credit or "debt" the Company allowed them was important in terms of prestige; the higher the "debt" allowed, the greater the prestige of the Indian in his local band. "They were good Indians!" he concludes nostalgically.

Next morning Alan Thorburn takes us to the plane. As elsewhere in the North, people still gather in Yellowknife to see the plane depart and some of the people we have met are there, Frank McCall in particular, and Mrs McCall, who had extended to us the unquestioning hospitality of the North. But there is one man we do not know, yet who carries a curious aura of familiarity so that I experience a sense of *déjà vu* when Frank McCall introduces him. He is tall, white-haired, weather-tanned, with the far-looking sky-blue eyes of many outdoorsmen. His clothes, too, are those of the lifelong outdoorsman. When his name is mentioned the sense of familiarity is explained. He is Maurice Haycock, the geologist and amateur painter, the long-time friend and travelling companion of A. Y. Jackson. And that was what I had instinctively recognised, a certain indefinable and unphysical resemblance to A. Y. Dr Haycock is still, in retirement, travelling backwards and forwards over the North, still painting it, convinced that its visual stimulations are endless. He sings the praises of the Yukon—a land of incomparable autumn colour. He offers to illustrate what I may write of the North. And then we part, he to fly northward, we to find our devious way from Great Slave Lake to Dawson City. ◆

LACROSSE – the fastest game on two feet

Text and photographs by Bil Lingard

ONE OF North America's ancient industries and Canada's legal national sport seemed doomed to come to a fiery ending on 4 June 1968. While it is generally believed that Canada and ice hockey are synonymous, the first Canadian parliament back in 1867 saw fit to proclaim lacrosse as the national game.

Of all the lacrosse sticks used in the world, 97 per cent are produced in one factory, on an island in the St Lawrence River, 60 miles upstream from Montreal, by a band of Mohawk Indians. The original factory, which had grown haphazardly from a tarpaper shack in 1930, burnt to the ground last year. News of the $100,000 fire resounded around the lacrosse playing world even faster than an expertly passed lacrosse ball. The Ontario Lacrosse Association alone estimated their players would be short some 4,000 sticks if production could not continue, and with 84,000 sticks on order for the year, it seemed lacrosse players in England, Australia, the United States, and Canada would have to turn to some other sport.

The panic was short lived. The factory's eighty-two Indian employees, whose fathers, grandfathers, and long forgotten warrior ancestors had carved lacrosse sticks before them, simply went back to working outdoors, which is where they'd rather be in summertime anyhow. Fortunately some 8,000 hickory splits and a quantity of partially completed sticks were salvaged so that work could continue. It takes a full year to make a lacrosse stick. The Mohawks revealed a subtle sense of humour when they erected a sign at their new outdoor work site: "No Smoking—Lacrosse Factory" it read. Makeshift arrangements spread to garages, sheds and appropriately enough, the reservation's fire station. In a month lacrosse stick production had reached one quarter of its pre-fire level and was up to one half by August.

Meanwhile the wheels of the Canadian and Ontario governments were grinding exceedingly fast to provide loans for rebuilding. A modern cinder block factory, located on the site of the old conglomeration, was officially opened on October 25th last year by Indian member of parliament, Leonard S. Marchand of Kamloops, British Columbia. Two thirds of the money for the $60,000 factory building came from the revolving loan fund of the Department of Indian Affairs. The remainder is a loan from the Province of Ontario, repayment of which is forgiven if operations continue successfully for six years.

With factory operations largely in the hands of the race that invented the game, it seems a safe bet that the Chisholm Lacrosse Factory will continue to thrive. The factory takes its name from Colin Chisholm, a Scottish school teacher who came to teach on Cornwall Island, part of the St Regis Indian Reserve in 1928 and who, although he has never played a single game of lacrosse, was approached by the Indians to help them develop a stick factory in 1930. Until then the Cornwall Island Indians had made sticks in their own homes. With the late Frank Roundpoint, a councillor in the band, as co-owner, Chisholm started the factory in 1930 with a handful of Indian employees. In 1945 the thriving company bought Canada's only other lacrosse stick plant, the Lally Lacrosse Manufacturing Company of Cornwall, Ontario, which was situated just over the Seaway International Bridge on the Ontario mainland. In 1967 the Chisholm company took over its only remaining competitor, the Lantry Lacrosse Company of nearby Hogansburg, New York. Frank Roundpoint's sons, Gilbert, Ronnie and Wallace, are now co-owners of the operation with Mr Chisholm. The St Regis Reserve spreads across boundaries in Ontario, Quebec, and New York but since the employees all belonged to the same Indian band and used the same methods to make lacrosse sticks, there was no problem in amalgamating the three companies. Today on Cornwall Island some forty families earn their living at the lacrosse stick factory, with the skilled workers making as much as $150 a week.

A ball game played by a southern tribe, depicted by George Catlin in the 1830s. The hundreds of players, who tossed the ball between goals about 250 yards apart, wore nothing but breech-cloth, belt, and a "tail" made of horsehair or quills.

When some of the first white travellers arrived in North America back in 1535 and started to explore along the St Lawrence River and its tributaries they discovered the Indians playing lacrosse. The French explorers thought the netted stick used by the native players looked like a bishop's crozier or "la crosse"; hence the origin of the name.

In the olden days the Indians played a much rougher game with rival tribes gathering sometimes 1,000 strong to play on a mile-long field on the open prairie. On occasion the goals would be in separate Iroquois villages. A "game" would last for several days and usually ended in a pitched battle with high casualties. Medicine men officiated as umpires and the women cheered their men on by flailing them with switches. The Iroquois were originators of the game as we know it. They used puckered balls of moosehide stuffed with anything from leather to the knuckle bone of a deer.

Naturally, the white man wanted to join the fun and the Indians accordingly stepped up the manufacture of lacrosse sticks. Their efforts never quite met the demand until a combined lumber dealer and lacrosse referee, E. J. Lally of Cornwall conceived the idea of producing sticks on a large scale. Somehow he managed, about the turn of the century, to corral the local Indians into a factory and soon he was shipping lacrosse sticks all over the United States.

The game found favor among American colleges and universities and Princeton, Harvard, and Yale began playing intercollegiate games as far back as 1881. The Canadian Lacrosse Association was organized in 1925 and the next year the U.S. Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association was formed.

In the States, England, and Australia the game is field lacrosse, played outdoors on a field measuring 110 yards long and 70 yards wide. Field lacrosse teams have ten players—three men playing attack, three midfield, three defence and a goalie. In Canada box lacrosse is played in an indoor arena with smaller sticks, six man teams and with rules similar to hockey. The Canadian game is considered to be faster but both varieties have been termed "the fastest game on two feet". The regulation india-rubber ball has been clocked in mid-air at 105 miles an hour, about 15 miles an hour faster than the best pitcher can toss a baseball!

Above: splitting the hickory logs.

Left: steam bending the splits.

Because of the two different games, the fact that women use lighter sticks, and a team may require up to four different types of sticks (attack, midfield, defence and goalie) it follows that the Chisholm Lacrosse Factory must manufacture sticks in a wide variety of styles and sizes.

While the new lacrosse stick plant is modern in appearance, the equipment and methods used by the Indian artisans date back hundreds of years. One of the biggest problems since the fire has been replacing tools. Equipment that had been handed down through generations of Mohawks and which had been taken pretty much for granted went up in smoke. To replace the unique carving knives, benches, racks and frames has been a process of trial and error.

Hickory is used exclusively in making lacrosse sticks and the first step takes place each spring when the factory owners rove in a radius of about 100 miles from Cornwall Island to buy trees, preferably forty years old, at $150 a cord. Only the bottom eight feet of the tree is deemed suitable and about 25 to 30 dozen sticks can be made from a cord of wood.

The Indians chop the hickory logs into "splits" about three inches wide and eight feet long. The splits are left outside to season for eight months. They are then taken inside to be steamed and bent, on a primitive rack, into their familiar crochet hook shape. The bent end is fastened with a wire loop and the stick goes back to another outdoor shed to season further.

Top: roughly shaped sticks go to the seasoning sheds.

Above: carving the seasoned, bent splits with a draw-knife.

Left: drilling the holes in the crook, accurately done by eye measurement.

Lacing the sticks is done by the women in their homes.

There is slight likelihood that automation will ever threaten the workers' jobs. It might seem that an automatic bending machine, for example, would bend every stick the same amount. Not so. Due to variations in the wood fibers, some sticks cannot take as much bend as others and therefore split. The Indians seem to anticipate the danger point and know when to stop bending. In three days at the factory, we only saw one stick broken during the bending process and we were told that no more than three sticks a day have to be discarded throughout the entire plant.

After their second seasoning, the bent splits go to the carving room where the real experts whittle the rough hickory into recognizable lacrosse sticks. The workers use razor sharp, two-handled draw knives and work at hand-made cobbler type benches which have special vices to hold the sticks.

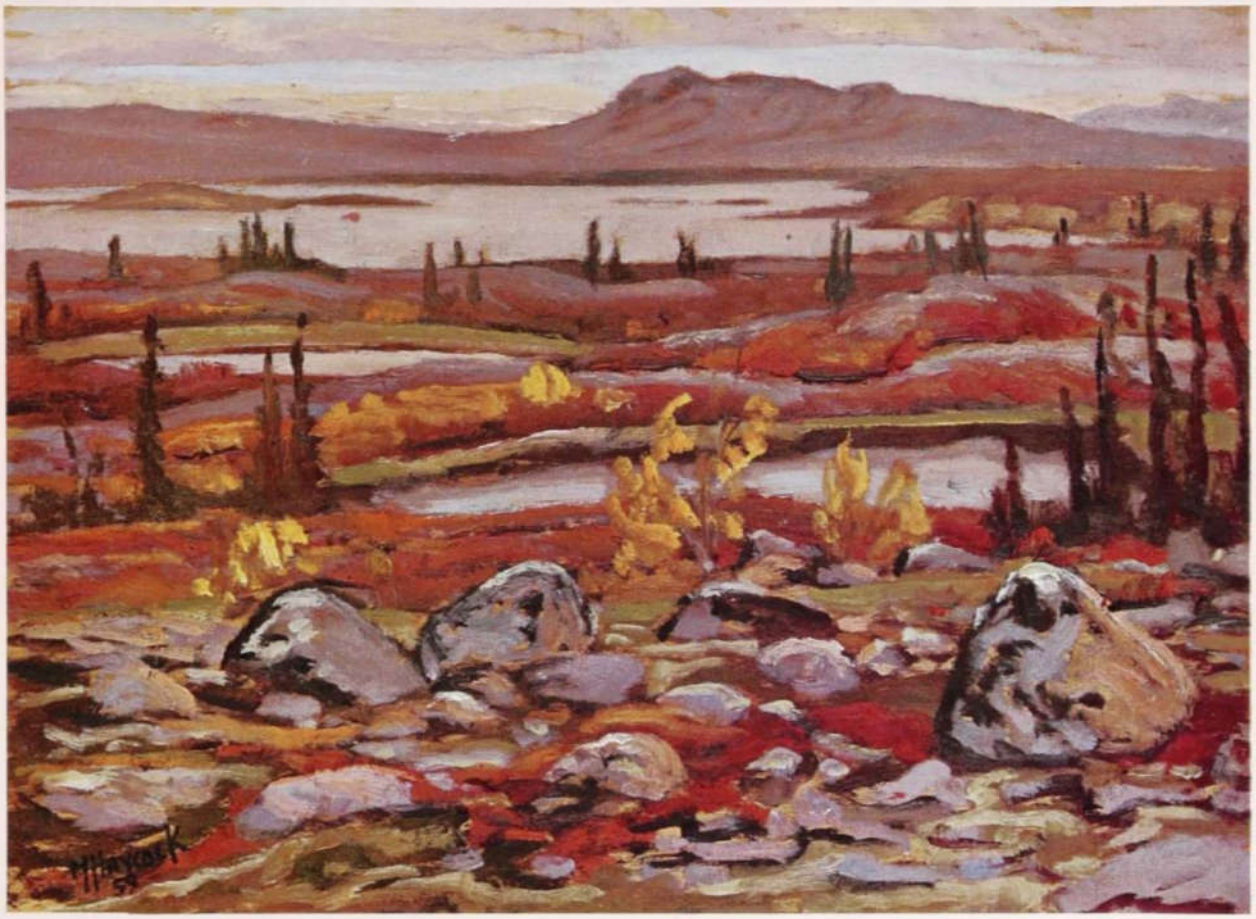
Next, the business end of the stick is nonchalantly drilled with 21 holes by two youthful drillers who combine the old eyeball system with the latest electric drills. The sticks are then carefully sanded and finally the bent end is dipped in lacquer.

After the sticks are dry, they are bundled up in lots of a dozen (everything is counted by dozens at the factory) and sent out to some thirty homes on the reserve where the ladies take over the lacing operation. Leather, gut (produced from raw hides in another Cornwall Island building) and nylon are used for the lacing and the average worker can string a dozen sticks a day. Most of the women prefer to do their lacing in the evening as they watch television . . . some indication of just how long and far this game of lacrosse has come since it was a training for battle. ◆

The Roundpoint brothers, co-owners of the factory, outside a wing of the new plant.

NORTHERN SCENES

BY MAURICE HAYCOCK



Lac Rouvier in the Coppermine area north of Great Bear Lake

Painting has been the avocation of Dr Haycock for many years. His work in the government service as a mineralogist took him to many parts of the Arctic and Subarctic. It was on the return voyage from a year surveying in the interior of Baffin Island some forty years ago that he met A. Y. Jackson with whom he later went on numerous painting expeditions. Now retired, he continues to travel energetically to remote parts of the country to paint and last year saw him once again in the Coppermine and Yellowknife area that is described in Dr Woodcock's diary.

Abandoned Indian village near old Fort Reliance, Great Slave Lake

St Mary's Channel to the north of Lake Athabasca near the eastern end

Northern Lights over Great Slave Lake

Wreckage on Banks Island

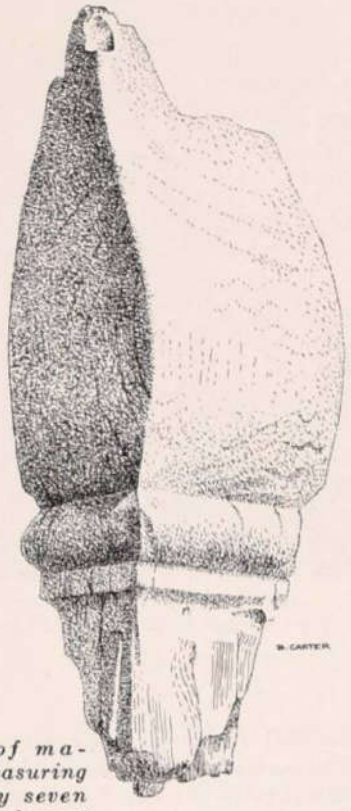
BY T. H. MANNING

TWO ARTICLES on the Franklin mystery appeared in the Spring 1969 issue of *The Beaver*. In one W. G. McKenzie uses a find of copper sheeting to support Admiral Noel Wright's thesis that the ship which is believed to have sunk off O'Reilly Island was H.M.S. *Investigator* and not one of Franklin's vessels. In the other L. A. Learmonth points out the inherent improbability of this theory. The following observations support Mr Learmonth.

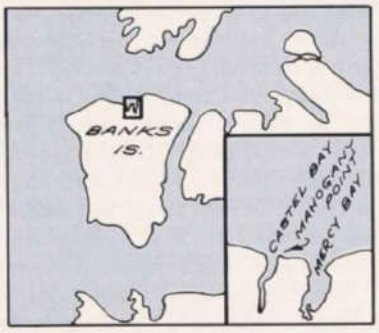
In August 1952 A. H. Macpherson and I were on an expedition to Banks Island. Examining the northern coast-line by canoe, we were blocked by ice on the east point of Castel Bay, which we called Mahogany Point. From there we walked to McClure's cache in Mercy Bay and along parts of both shores of Castel Bay. Next year Captain I. M. Sparrow and I picked up our canoe at the head of Castel Bay and worked our way around Mercy Bay inside the ice. We were always close to the beach and part of the way we walked along the shore to see what wreckage had been washed up from the *Investigator*. On the west side of Castel Bay there was virtually no driftwood, natural or wreckage. At Mahogany Point there were two large tree trunks and twenty-four moderate sized pieces of driftwood weighing a few pounds each. Seven of these were mahogany and two oak, the remainder ordinary driftwood. One of the pieces of oak was from a sled the other clearly part of a ship. Most of the east shore of Castel Bay south of Mahogany Point is covered by mud slides but another ten pieces of mahogany were found along it.

There was very little driftwood on the west side of Mercy Bay north of McClure's cache. South of the cache there was a little ordinary driftwood and some pieces of wreckage. On the eastern shore there was more driftwood than on any other part of the north coast of Banks Island. In all it probably amounted to two or three large canoe loads. A small proportion of this driftwood consisted of barrel staves and wreckage but unfortunately I cannot now recall and my notes do not record the type of wood or give other details.

Although we found nothing to prove that the *Investigator* sank in or near Mercy bay it was certainly our opinion at the time that this had occurred. Probably she floated out of Mercy Bay with the ice and sank in deep water off Castel Bay, perhaps when the ice thawed or broke sufficiently to release her. The prevailing northwest wind would then wash the wreckage to the east sides of Castel and Mercy bays as it does other driftwood. Although the preponderance of mahogany on the east side of Castel Bay suggests that the hull may not have broken up it does not seem likely that the superstructure would have been swept away unless the ship was sinking.•



A piece of mahogany, measuring eighteen by seven inches, picked up at Mahogany Point.



Since 1931 much of Mr Manning's life has been spent in the Arctic and he has made many expeditions for Canadian scientific bodies, including the circumnavigation of Banks Island by canoe for the Defence Research Board, resulting in numerous published papers.

The Pileated Woodpecker

BY MARK A. FISHER

THE PILEATED is a kind of king among woodpeckers. At least in the northern part of its range it is the largest, handsomest, and rarest of its kind. Sighting this bird, as big and as black as a crow with a white striped face and crimson crest, is always an event. Even its diggings are distinctive: holes as big as a man's fist often shaped as ovals or rectangles with slightly rounded corners and so symmetrical that a carpenter might envy them.

Its range extends from Florida and the Gulf Coast to all the provinces and into the Northwest Territories but there are relatively few places in this huge area where one can look for it with much hope of success. The pileated is a bird of the deep woods and it is only in those shrinking places where trees are allowed to sprout, grow, fail, die and rot that it can flourish. Healthy growing trees are usually resistant to the insects and grubs that make up a woodpecker's diet. When the trees weaken parasites invade them and the birds find a ready source of food. When the trees begin to rot nesting holes are available. These are the "overmature" trees that the logger, thinking in terms of wasted two by fours, looks upon with such a pained eye. But their life and death is also part of the natural sequence of an untouched forest and is important to the creatures that live there. A well managed wood lot, not to speak of the sprayed, manicured and pampered shade trees of the suburbs, offers little hospitality to the pileated.

In northern Minnesota where I live this bird is probably better described as scarce rather than rare. Those who stay in town might never see one unless they run a particularly favoured feeding station but anyone who goes much into the woods can expect to catch a glimpse of the big bird several times a year. And a glimpse is what it usually comes to. The pileated is most often found in heavy tree cover and does not take kindly to being approached. The commonest impression is of a large, shining black bird with an unbelievably red crest zigzagging away through the branches on powerful wing strokes while its strident, and to me mocking, call lingers behind.

Late in June of one year, though, I came on the nesting hole of a pair and was able to watch an adult male, and to a lesser extent its mate, tend two fledglings for several days. I had stopped to rest beside a beaver pond and got up to move on when a pileated flew away from the far side of a dead tree standing about ten feet out in the water. The flight seemed odd on two counts. I had been there for some time but had not seen the bird fly to the tree and it had not sounded its call as it flew away as is usual. I sat down again and in about twenty minutes the bird returned from the woods behind me to land on the side of the same dead tree. It sat motionless for some minutes and then began hitching its way up the tree with the jerky gait of all woodpeckers. As it neared the top it

worked its way to the far side of the trunk where I could no longer see it. It stayed some little time, occasionally peering around the tree at me and finally flew off again. I felt sure there was a nest on the other side of the snag but there seemed little that I could do about it. The murky looking bottom of the beaver pond did not invite wading and the view from the opposite shore would have been too far to be of interest. I set up camera and tripod and contented myself with photographing the bird (it was a male) as it returned from each trip and perched for a while on my side of the nest tree.

Once or twice I caught sight of the female but only as a head craning round the side of the tree. The sexes are easily told apart as the female has a black forehead and red crest whereas the male is red over the entire top of its head. The male also wears a red "whisker stripe" that runs back from the base of its bill and which is absent in the female.

Other duties and some bad weather kept me from the pond for six days and I wondered while hiking out there again if I would find the tree deserted. It was reassuring then to hear a loud drumming and occasionally the easily identified call of the birds as I came near the spot. The male was on another tree alternately drumming and twisting its head about when I came up to the nest tree. I resolved, muck or no muck, to investigate the far side of the trunk and after a false start or two found reasonably firm bottom and began wading. As I reached the base of the tree the female flew off above me with a shriek and perched on the far side of the pond. The water was almost waist deep before I reached a point where I could see what I hoped was the site of the nest but once there I found an underwater hummock where I could stand with some security. The view was disappointing. There was a hole about fifteen feet above the water but it looked small for such a large bird and there was no sign of woodpecker workmanship. I was watching it with some chagrin when a small red-topped head, an exact duplicate in miniature of the big birds, popped out of the hole, watched me for a second and withdrew. Sure now of my find I returned to shore and waded out again with tripod and camera. None of my floundering and splashing went unobserved. The male had joined its mate on another dead tree across the pond and both began a peeping, chirping sound that can only be described, at least in human terms, as anxious.

Once I had the camera set up and locked on the hole I stood still and waited. The male flew off. The female remained and passed the time pecking at the tree in unenthusiastic fashion and in preening its lustrous feathers. The male returned and there was more anxious chirping. The male suddenly winged its way across the pond and landed on a nearby stump where it hopped about in a nervous seeming manner and watched me. It took flight once more and landed on the far side of the nest tree. I, of course, could not see it land but I could distinctly hear the thump as it did so and at this sound one of the young birds had its head out of the hole, mouth

The male parent feeding a nestling with food it has held beside its long tongue.

open and squawking. The adult bird appeared and quickly fed its young, jamming its beak well into the fledgling's throat to do so. It then moved a little distance away and watched the young bird still begging for food. After a few seconds the male flew back into the woods. The young bird remained with its head out of the hole until a call sounded from across the pond and it retreated into the tree.

This pattern was repeated over and over at intervals of twenty minutes to an hour. The female remained in the vicinity and usually in sight but avoided the nest while I was there. Only twice in the several days I spent watching did she feed the young while the male came to accept my presence quickly and ultimately appeared to pay little attention to me. On subsequent trips this day the male entered the nest hole after feeding the young, remained a few minutes then reappeared with refuse in its bill and flew away.

I soon learnt that there were two nestlings, a male and a female. They were easily distinguished and both seemed to have some curiosity about the world outside, but a few seconds after one or the other would thrust its head out of the hole an adult bird would call and the head would be withdrawn.

A few days later, on the third of July, I returned to the nest tree and waded out to my observation point. The female fledgling had her head out of the hole and watched as I went through the rigmarole of setting up the camera. The young birds had now reached the point where at least one hung partly out of the nest at all times. They seemed good natured about taking turns at this. One bird would hold its spot for an hour or more and then there would be a brief bit of pushing and shoving and the other bird would take its place. The bird keeping watch at the hole seemed to be fed most often when the male brought food but occasionally it would bypass this offspring to push its head into the tree and feed the other. Although I was standing not more than twenty feet from the hole and watching through a telephoto lens I was never able to see any sign of food in the adult bird's bill when it approached.

The female seemed the more advanced of the two nestlings and was more active during its time at the hole. It pecked in an aimless way at the rotten wood of the dead trunk and from time to time flicked its tongue, as long again as its beak and a bright and startling pink in colour, into the air. This, like the pecking, seemed to be performed with no aim in view and although flies crawled within inches of the bird I never saw it direct its flashing tongue in their direction. Both birds, I soon discovered, had learnt something new since my last visit. They could now give a very passable imitation of the ringing call of their parents and often did. Frequently, but not always, an answering cry would come from an adult across the pond or farther away in the woods and it was a pretty thing to hear this wild communication on the bright summery morning.

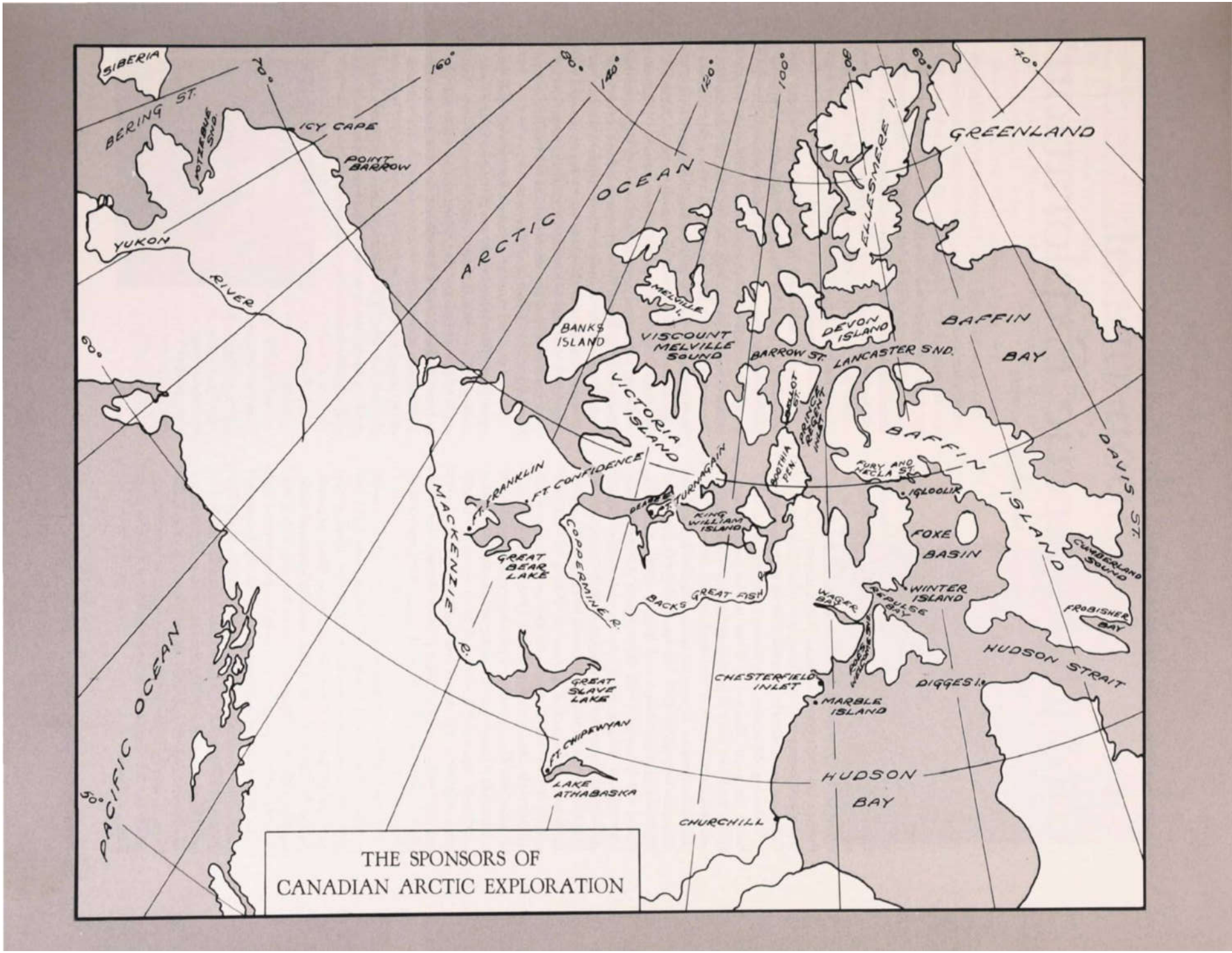
The young female.

The young male.

The young woodpeckers obviously were maturing fast and each time I left the pond I felt I would not see them again. Two days later, however, I made another trip and took up my usual post. The young female was watching from the hole and I was still struggling with my tripod when the adult male flew to the nearby dead stump where it almost always landed before coming to the nest. Thinking it was about to feed the young bird and hoping to hold it off until I had my equipment ready I began deliberately to splash about while fussing with the tripod. While so engaged and watching the nest with only the corner of my eye I saw the nestling fly from the hole, make a one hundred and eighty degree turn and wing into the woods behind. The adult instantly dashed after it. The first thought that registered was that the young bird, once its whole body could be seen, looked full grown and I wondered for a moment if I had seen an adult leaving the tree. This doubt was dispelled in a few minutes when the young male pushed its head from the hole and began looking about.

For an hour only the remaining nestling was in sight. The young bird sounded its call time after time but this morning no answer came back. Like its sister it now pecked at the wood around the hole. Once it knocked free a sizable chip and craned its head to watch the piece fall into the water. Several times it inched forward until half its body projected from the hole and teetered there precariously before retreating. When its father returned to his usual stump the young male simply launched itself into the air, made the same turn its sister had, and flew to another dead tree some distance away. The adult followed and the two birds, keeping on opposite sides of the trunk, worked their way to its ragged top. There it looked as though the adult fed the young although at that distance it was hard to be sure. Again I was struck by the size of the young bird. It looked as big as its parent.

I splashed ashore and walked back into the woods. I soon came on the young female clinging to a jackpine and pecking away at it in seemingly expert fashion. There would have been no way of identifying it as one of the young except that it was having great trouble maintaining itself on the side of the tree and flapped its wings constantly for balance. Glancing about I saw the adult female high in another tree watching both of us. A short search turned up the young male having no better luck holding on to the side of a birch. The bird was in the clear and I debated taking out my camera for one more shot when it settled the matter by flying off into the woods. As I shouldered my pack and tripod and began pushing my way through the underbrush I heard for the last time one of the four birds call out. ◆



THE SPONSORS OF
CANADIAN ARCTIC EXPLORATION

The Sponsors of Canadian Arctic Exploration

BY JOHN E. CASWELL

PART III - 1800 to 1839

THE ADMIRALTY AS SPONSOR

BANKS AND BARROW

The first extensive exploration of the Canadian Arctic was sponsored by courtiers at Whitehall and merchants of London between 1576 and 1632. Exploration then lagged until after the Restoration, when a similar group of courtiers and merchants sponsored the expedition that led to the founding of the Hudson's Bay Company. For one and a half centuries after that event, the Hudson's Bay Company was intimately involved in all that transpired.

Following Alexander Mackenzie's expedition of 1789 down the great Mackenzie River to the Arctic Ocean, Great Britain's wars with France left her little time or energy for exploration. With Napoleon safe on St. Helena, Britain could once more turn to the Pacific. During the American war of 1812-15, the North West Company of Montreal gained possession of Astoria on the Columbia River, which was renamed Fort George, the first British post on the Oregon coast. Across the Pacific, British interest in improving her commerce with China at this time is most tangibly demonstrated by Lord William Pitt Amherst's unsuccessful mission to Peking of 1815-17, seeking a commercial treaty. At the same time, a fresh rivalry arose. Russian interest in the Pacific was growing, as witnessed by a series of exploring expeditions which combed the Pacific from the Arctic Ocean to the Antarctic continent. Against this background of renewed British interest in the China trade and in the Oregon Country, together with a hint of conflict with Russia, the fresh effort to discover a Northwest Passage becomes reasonable.

The first shot in the battle to win support for renewal of the search for the Northwest Passage was Sir John Barrow's discussion of the Earl of Selkirk's *Sketch of the British Fur Trade in North America* in the Tory *Quarterly Review* for October 1816 (which actually appeared some months later). Said Barrow, previous failures to find the Northwest Passage by no means proved that it did not exist. The distance from Baffin Bay to Bering Strait was not over 1,200 miles (sixty per cent of the true value). The trend of the coast on the American side of Bering Strait was the same as on the Siberian side. The mouths of the Mackenzie and Coppermine Rivers were in the same latitude, and he believed the coast continued from Bering Strait to the Coppermine and thence to Hudson's or Baffin's "Sea".

The explorations of Cook, Hearne, and Mackenzie had established a reasonable basis for Barrow's assumptions as far east as the Coppermine. The crucial area lay between the Coppermine's mouth and Davis Strait, for even the existence of Baffin's Bay had been challenged by some geographers. Barrow was optimistic, however. "The solution of this important problem is the business of *three months* out and home. The space to be examined at the very utmost is of the 67th to the 71st parallels, or four degrees of latitude.

"Two small schooners of 80 or 100 tons, under the command of a skilful Naval Officer with a couple of Greenland fishermen to act as pilots through the ice, would be sufficient for the purpose." The route recommended was north through Davis Strait to latitude 72°, "thence southerly and westerly till they either reached Hudson Bay, which would decide the question in the negative, or till they saw the north coast of America, which would go far to complete the discovery." Barrow envisaged a practical passage open seven or eight months a year, with the North West Company being able to reach Fort George on the Columbia River (modern Astoria) in three months instead of taking six or seven months by Cape Horn. Cargoes of furs for China could be picked up from posts that could be established at the mouths of the Mackenzie and Coppermine Rivers.

Barrow pointed out the scientific benefits of such an expedition. More information was needed on field ice and icebergs. The "intense frosts" of the Arctic were "undoubtedly modified by the caloric given off from the Aurora Borealis," and he offered for testing several explanations of the large variation and rapid fluctuations of the magnetic needle in Hudson Bay. Finally, Barrow pointed out the great discrepancies between charts showing Arctic North America. More accurate knowledge of Hudson and Baffin Bays was needed.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

Sir John Barrow, FRS, Secretary of the Admiralty, a keen supporter of Arctic exploration. Detail from painting by Stephen Pearce.

Opportunity for such an expedition soon occurred for in the late summer of 1817 whalers brought back reports that the sea between Spitsbergen (New Greenland) and Old Greenland was remarkably free from ice. On 22 September, Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society, wrote young William Scoresby of Whitby to inquire what the Scoresby whaling firm had learned of ice conditions in the north.

Scoresby replied, "I perceived, on my last voyage, about 2,000 square leagues of the Greenland seas, included between the parallels of 74° and 80° perfectly void of ice, which is usually covered by it." Had the season not been so late, Scoresby felt he could have reached Greenland's east coast and have been able to remove "some of the mystery attached to the existence of a North West passage. . ." He suggested that the Northeast and Northwest Passages could be explored with two ships at the small cost of £5,000 to £6,000. If ice barred their pursuit of discovery, the crews could reduce the cost of the expedition by fishing.

In Bank's next letter to Scoresby, he suggested that Parliament might amend the standing reward of £20,000 established in 1745 for discovery of the Northwest Passage by offering £1,000 for every degree of latitude reached north of the 81st parallel. To this suggestion, Scoresby responded that the premiums already offered by Parliament for achieving the Northwest Passage had not produced a single attempt. The captains of Greenland ships had neither an interest in discoveries nor the nautical knowledge needed for making them. A fishing ship's expenses were so great that an owner could not afford to forego reasonable expectations of a profit on an expensive gamble. Bank's suggestion might be effective if it were combined with the achievement of certain meridians, such as attaining the east coast of Greenland north of 60° N latitude.

Even before Scoresby wrote his second letter, Banks had proposed to the Council of the Royal Society that it recommend to the Admiralty a voyage to explore the north polar regions. The proposal was approved, and the letter drafted. Scoresby's observations were recounted, the possible benefits to commerce suggested, and the Prince Regent's Government was deftly complimented for continuing "the plan of prosecuting discoveries for the extension of useful knowledge and the general benefit of mankind" for which George III's reign had been "so eminently distinguished". In conclusion, the Royal Society recommended an attempt to circumnavigate Greenland to determine whether it were an island and whether Baffin Bay existed. The Admiralty might also seek to determine "the practicability of a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean along the Northern Coast of North America." Precedent for making such a suggestion the Royal Society found in its earlier proposal which had led to Captain Constantine Phipps's Spitsbergen voyage of 1773. The Society offered its services in any capacity that the Admiralty deemed useful.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society, recommended an Admiralty voyage to the north polar regions.

The Admiralty replied to the Royal Society on 10 December that four vessels would be outfitted, two to seek the Northwest Passage, by way of Davis Strait, and two to seek the Pole by way of Spitsbergen.

With the decision to send an expedition taken by the Admiralty and approved at highest levels, who was truly the original sponsor of these expeditions? Barrow claimed the honour, on the basis of his first article in the *Quarterly Review*. Captain John Ross nominated Scoresby. Other writers name Sir Joseph Banks. Scoresby furnished information rather than initiative. Barrow's article of 1816-17 was the first public call to renewed exploration. The first specific move, however, was Banks's letter of 22 September to Scoresby. Banks it was, furthermore, whose prestige obtained private and governmental assistance for a host of explorers during the preceding four decades. Banks and Barrow no doubt co-operated, for Barrow made use of Scoresby's letters to Banks and was, like him, a member of the Council of the Royal Society and of its inner circle, the Royal Society Club. But it was the "old lion," not the "young lion," who had the prestige, who made the presentation to the Council and carried the issue.

Barrow, however, had a second role, that of Second Secretary to the Admiralty, the head of its permanent civil service. He submitted his own memoranda to Viscount Melville, First Lord of the Admiralty, and arranged for explorers to see him. It seems clear, though, that Barrow's role was in large measure that of an expediter. The initiative for later expeditions came ordinarily from the explorers themselves, while it was the Government, through the Admiralty, that made the crucial decisions, put up the funds, equipped the vessels, and issued the orders.

A trap for unwary students lies in a second article on Arctic exploration written by Barrow and published in the *Quarterly Review* for October 1817. In that article, Barrow announced that the Admiralty had hired four vessels to undertake the two Arctic expeditions. He quoted Scoresby's letter to Banks of 2 October 1817. And he proposed a graded scale of rewards for discoveries by whalers, similar to that proposed by Scoresby in his 25 November letter to Banks.

At first glance, the apparent date of Barrow's article seems to make the Royal Society's action of 20 November merely a move to support publicly a decision already made at the Admiralty, and Scoresby's proposal of a scale of rewards to have been anticipated by Barrow. The London *Times*, however, made a practice of reporting not only books published, but the appearance of the review journals. The book which furnished Barrow his occasion to discuss the expeditions was first listed in *The Times* on 5 December 1817, while the *Quarterly Review* was running so far behind schedule that the October issue must not have been off the press before mid-February 1818.*

The Admiralty appointed Captain John Ross to command the expedition in search of the Northwest Passage in the 385-ton whaler *Isabella*. Ross had seen service as a marine surveyor and navigation officer, including experience in ice navigation while charting the White Sea and parts of the Baltic.

Ross's second in command was a younger man, Lieutenant William Edward Parry. During the Napoleonic wars Parry had seen Arctic service off Spitsbergen and in the Baltic. Fired with the idea of exploration, he volunteered for an expedition to the Congo but reached England after it had departed. Some months later he wrote a letter saying that he wanted to go exploring and cared not whether it were to Africa or the Pole. This letter was shown to Barrow, and Parry was shortly ordered to take command of the 252-ton *Alexander* under Ross.

Several other future leaders of Arctic exploration received their initiation under Ross. Lieutenant John Franklin commanded the *Trent*, the smaller of the two vessels assigned to proceed northward by way of Spitsbergen. A cousin of Captain Matthew Flinders, Franklin had sailed with that officer in 1801 on his exploration of the Australian coast. Aboard Ross's vessel was his nephew James Clark Ross, entered as an Admiralty midshipman. The scientific observer nominated by the Royal Society was Captain Edward Sabine of the Royal Artillery, whose famous studies of terrestrial magnetism were begun on this voyage.

In the spring of 1818 Ross and Parry sailed for Baffin Bay. They found it well represented on Baffin's charts,

now two centuries old. A controversial incident that led directly to the next Arctic expedition occurred at the entrance to Lancaster Sound. Ross had sailed into the entrance amidst fog. As he could detect no current, he judged he was in a bay. Ross was below decks with the other officers in mid-afternoon when a call came from the deck that the fog was lifting. For some reason, Ross was the only officer to go on deck. Believing that he saw mountains ahead, he concluded that he was in a small bay and gave orders to return to Baffin Bay. Parry, Sabine and others later took exception to his order, claiming that there had been open water ahead, rather than a range of mountains. (The mountains were possibly an illusion due to refraction which is common in the area.) Ross replied that he alone had gone on deck and that the *Alexander* had been so far behind the *Isabella* that Parry was unable to judge.

Despite Ross's detailed answers to various charges arising from the expedition, he clearly had become *persona non grata* to Barrow and the younger Arctic officers, Parry in particular. Time and again Ross asked for Arctic assignments and was as regularly rejected by the Admiralty. The younger Ross, however, remained on good terms with both his uncle and the Admiralty.

*I wish to thank Hugh Wallace, recently of the faculty of the University of Windsor, and David Mackay for supplementing my own research at the Admiralty. Admiralty records of the expedition are all but non-existent up to January 1818. Mr. Wallace checked *The Times* at my request, extended the research to other materials, and developed the argument used above.

Left: Section of De Wit's chart of 1660 from "Septentrionaliora Americae" showing Baffin Bay, with Jones and Lancaster Sounds to the west.

THE ADMIRALTY TAKES THE LEAD

On returning to London, Parry aired his ideas to Barrow. Barrow advised him to see Viscount Melville, First Lord of the Admiralty. Taking Franklin with him, Parry described Lancaster Sound to Melville as "a magnificent strait from 30 to 60 miles wide," in which he and his crew had seen no ice. Parry's evidence was sufficiently convincing that by mid-January 1819 preparations were under way for a new expedition. Now that prospects of finding the Northwest Passage seemed good, no prodding was needed from the Royal Society. Barrow does not seem to have taken the lead in proposing the expedition; neither is there evidence that he was a key figure in making the final decision.

Parry was given two vessels, the *Hecla* and the *Griper*, to renew the search for the Northwest Passage by way of Lancaster Sound. His voyage was marked by good fortune. On reaching Lancaster Sound, he found Prince Regent Inlet open and was able to chart its eastern shore for approximately 150 miles before icefields ahead forced his return to Lancaster Sound. The vessels passed longitude 110° W on 4 September, qualifying the officers and crew for the £5,000 parliamentary reward. Only on the far western edge of the archipelago did Parry meet impenetrable masses of ice.

On an island which Parry named after Lord Melville a sheltered haven was found for the long dark winter's vigil. Amateur theatricals and other amusements made the winter endurable, while sledging expeditions were sent out during the spring. On 1 August 1820, Parry was able to escape the Arctic's clutches, and on 29 October the vessels reached Scotland. Parry was promoted to commander on 4 November and a year later received his captaincy.

Franklin had helped Parry beard Melville in his lair, and he likewise received an exploring assignment. The Admiralty ordered him to take a party overland to explore the north coast of America eastward from the mouth of the Coppermine River, the point which Samuel Hearne had reached in 1773. As Franklin could survey the shore better from small boats, Parry had been instructed to attempt a quick passage without stopping to examine the coast. Among Franklin's officers were two who later commanded their own expeditions: the naval surgeon, Dr John Richardson, and Midshipman George Back.

Franklin established a base on Great Slave Lake, descended the Coppermine in '21 and proceeded along the coast eastward an estimated 550 miles, returning across the aptly-named Barren Grounds to Great Slave Lake with the loss of half his party. Back was sent to the nearest Hudson's Bay post to seek clothing, spirits, and other essentials. Governor George Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company privately expressed his opinion that the expedition was "badly planned and poorly commanded by a man who could not walk more than eight miles a day, who needed his three meals a day, and for whom 'Tea is indispensible'." Nonetheless, the Admiralty thought favourably enough of Franklin's exploit to raise him from commander to captain.

During the winter following Parry's return home in October 1820, there must have been many discussions at the Admiralty regarding the Northwest Passage. Parry had found two waterways, either of which might be the entrance to the Northwest Passage. Parry believed the most promising to be Prince Regent Inlet, bearing south toward the coast of North America. The second was the east-west waterway which, under a variety of names for the different portions—Lancaster Sound, Barrow Strait, Viscount Melville Sound—was known to extend as far west as the meridian of the mouth of the Coppermine. The final choice of the Admiralty was a third route: northern Hudson Bay. If a channel from Hudson Bay to the north coast existed, it might reasonably be expected to have fewer hazards from ice and a longer open season than routes farther north.

The spring of 1821 saw Parry making preparations to sail. The *Fury*, a close match to the *Hecla*, had now replaced the *Griper*, and both vessels were fitted for an Arctic winter. Midshipman Ross again sailed with Parry, while Midshipman Francis Rawdon M. Crozier received his first glimpse of the Canadian Arctic, where he was to perish a quarter-century later on Franklin's last and most tragic expedition.

Parry, G. F. Lyon commanding *Hecla*, and their crews spent the winter of 1821-22 at Winter Island, in the entrance to Foxe Basin. Here an old Eskimo woman drew several maps for them. On one, her pencil traced the western shore of Foxe Basin, then extended the line westward and south-southwestward "so as to come within three or four days' journey of Repulse Bay". On 14 August Parry led a party from the ship to explore the coast thus outlined. He confirmed the existence of a strait, which he named "Fury and Hecla". Parry now brought his ships north to the island village of Igloolik where the winter was spent in friendly contact with the Eskimos. Although Parry was unable to take his vessels through the strait, he had discovered a third promising approach to the Northwest Passage.

Back in London during the winter of 1823-24, Parry, now a captain, persuaded the Admiralty to let him proceed south through Prince Regent Inlet in the direction of Fury and Hecla Strait. Franklin had confirmed the general trend of the coast for some distance east of the Coppermine, and it was reasonable to expect an open waterway from Fury and Hecla Strait west to the Coppermine and beyond.

Barrow sent a memorandum to Melville on 14 November 1823, in which he concurred with Parry's recommendation. Parry's experience showed that access to Fury and Hecla Strait required two seasons and that wind and currents were likely to carry ice against its western entrance. Prince Regent Inlet could be reached early in the first season, and if the ice did not open up, the ships could easily return to England. Appealing to Melville's national pride, Barrow concluded: "To give up the attempt before this point be tried would indeed be to have opened the door, at a great expense and labor, for some other nation to reap the honor & glory, and to triumph over us who have for two centuries and a half endeavoured in vain to accomplish it." There was little doubt in Barrow's mind that Russia would continue her own efforts to find the Northwest Passage if England were remiss in prosecuting discovery.

Within a few weeks of Parry's proposal to the Admiralty, Franklin also presented a plan for an expedition which would take him down the Mackenzie River and thence to the northwestern corner of the continent. Franklin pointed out that the Mackenzie River was more readily navigable than the Coppermine. There were trading posts along it, and it was better provided with Indians and game. While the previous expedition had had to face hostility from traders of both the North West and the Hudson's Bay Companies, these companies were now united; and notice to the traders from the Hudson's Bay Company's headquarters should prevent friction. If the season were normal and the coast neither much indented nor found to stretch far to the northward, the expedition should reach Icy Cape. A ship should be sent to meet it at Kotzebue Sound. At the same time, it might be well to have a survey made between the Mackenzie and Coppermine Rivers, and between Repulse Bay and Point Turnagain.

The principal objective, said Franklin, was to survey the northern coast "in a clearer and more decisive manner" than was likely to be achieved from vessels. "The Commercial and Political advantage to be insured is the preservation of that portion of the Country, which is most rich in Animals from the encroachment of Russia and the preventing the Establishment of another and at some Period perhaps a hostile Power on any Part of the Northern Continent of America."

Captain Parry's proposal would not make this project unnecessary, for Parry would not be expected to pass the mouth of the Mackenzie before the end of the second summer, and it was possible that he might make the passage in a higher latitude.

Now comes the surprise in the letter. Franklin had seen Admiral Adam Ivan Krusenstern's letter to Barrow, thanks to Parry. "It is obvious that Russia intends to increase her fur trade and dominions," Franklin continued, "but I am gratified to perceive, that with great liberality of Sentiment, he recommends to you the course which I have proposed." Further, Captain Otto von Kotzebue's current voyage to the Pacific could hardly forestall Franklin's proposed expedition, which should be able to survey a large share of the coast before meeting him.

Now Kotzebue had surveyed a large portion of the Alaskan coast in 1815-18 and discovered the sound that bears his name. In 1823 Kotzebue was again bound for the Pacific, and it surely appears that his senior officer was urging the British to forestall him. Why? In the midst of negotiations between the two nations over the boundary between their respective dominions in North America, Krusenstern, a senior naval officer, had urged his nation's rivals to establish a claim to new lands in the Arctic. A host of possible reasons comes to mind, without there being evidence available to support any single one of them.

Crown and Company alike sought to forestall the Russians. J. H. Pelly, Governor in London of the Hudson's Bay Company, wrote Barrow on 29 November that the Company considered it "very practicable to proceed down McKenzie's [*sic*] River, and along the coast to the Westward which might be the means of preventing a claim on the part of Russia to that part of the continent of America, to the prejudice of British interests."

The plan adopted by the Government had four parts. Parry was to seek the Northwest Passage by way of Prince Regent Inlet. At the same time, Franklin and Dr Richardson were to descend the Mackenzie, the former proceeding west while the latter turned east. Captain Lyon was to proceed overland from Repulse Bay to the Arctic coast and follow it toward the Coppermine. Commander Beechey was instructed to take a relief vessel through Bering Strait in the expectation of meeting Franklin in the late summer of 1826, returning in 1827, if necessary, to meet Parry.

Parry set forth once more with the *Fury* and *Hecla* in 1824. After wintering in the Inlet, he gained the western shore in the summer of 1825, only to have the *Fury* forced ashore. Her supplies were cached, and both crews returned to England aboard the *Hecla*.

As Franklin's was to be an overland expedition, it was put under the jurisdiction of Lord Bathurst, Secretary for War and Colonies. The Hudson's Bay Company's facilities were used for logistic support. From the mouth of the Mackenzie, Dr John Richardson followed the coast eastward to the Coppermine River and returned overland to Fort Franklin on Great Bear Lake in record time.

Right: A former Liverpool trader, John Ross's "Victory" in Lancaster Sound, 1829, first steamer in the Arctic; soon after this the engine was discarded and sail only used before she was abandoned in 1832 on Boothia Peninsula.

The western party under Franklin and Lieutenant Back had an encounter with a warlike band of Eskimos. They continued along the coast to 149° 34″ W longitude in their boats but had covered little more than half the distance to Franklin's goal, Icy Cape, when according to instructions, he turned back to the Mackenzie rather than risking failure to meet the relief vessel.

Beechey sailed east from Bering Strait to Point Barrow, accomplishing more than had been expected. Only 146 miles separated the points of return of Beechey and Franklin. Parry's return to England made a second trip unnecessary.

Captain Lyon took the *Griper* to Hudson Bay in the summer of 1824. The slow old tub was towed most of the way, reaching the mouth of Repulse Bay late in the season in bad weather. The dispirited officers agreed they must return to England without attempting exploration.

The net result of the expeditions of 1824-27 was a survey of the west coast of Prince Regent Inlet, a narrowing of the stretch of unknown coast between the mouth of the Mackenzie and Bering Strait to a 146-mile section east of Point Barrow, and a survey of the coast between the mouths of the Mackenzie and the Coppermine.

GIN FLOATS THE VICTORY

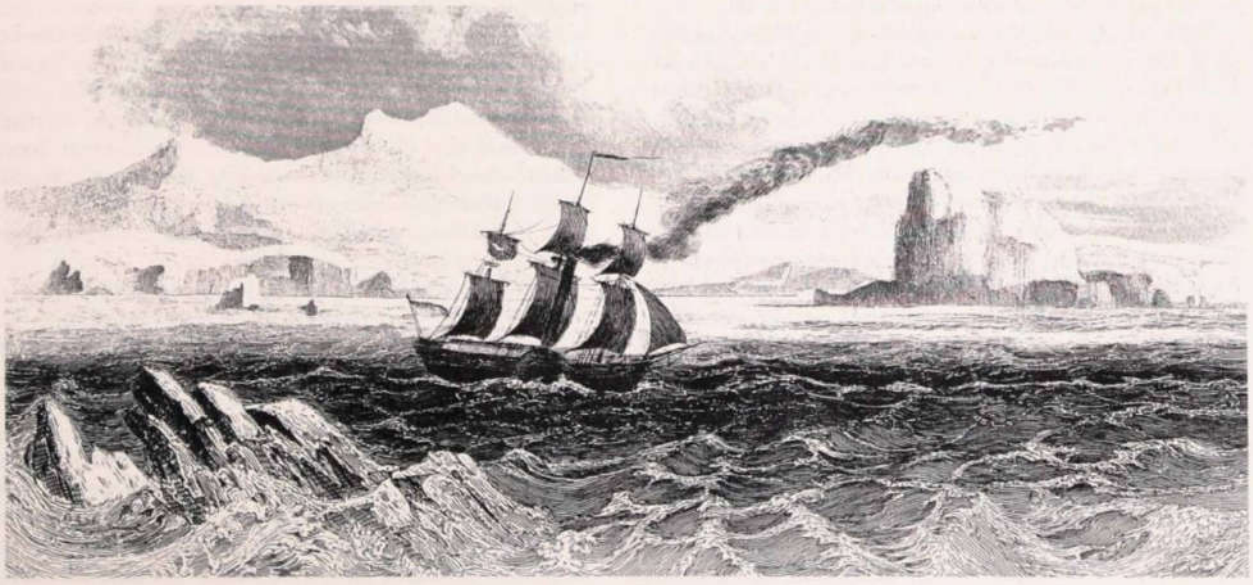
In 1827 Captain John Ross proposed a new search for the Northwest Passage through Prince Regent Inlet. Ross had studied the application of steam to warships, and now he proposed that the Admiralty use a steamship to find the Northwest Passage, but in vain. Later in 1827, William, Duke of Clarence (the future William IV), became Lord High Admiral, and Ross addressed his proposal to him, again to have it rejected.

Ross then laid his proposal before his "old and intimate friend," Felix Booth, the wealthy gin manufacturer. Booth declined to sponsor Ross, for he did not wish to be suspected of coveting any part of the £20,000 parliamentary reward for discovery of the Northwest Passage. In 1828 Ross submitted a revised plan, first to the Admiralty and then to a London merchant. When the prize offer was abolished by Parliament (at Ross's instigation?), Booth came to Ross's support and a small steam packet of 85 tons was purchased. She was given the proud name of *Victory*, new boilers were installed, and she was provisioned for two and a half years.

The *Victory* entered Prince Regent Inlet on 11 August 1829. At Fury Beach, Parry's stores were found in good condition, and a portion placed aboard. Sailing southward floe ice was encountered and on 30 September it was necessary to go into winter quarters. From the autumn of 1829 to the spring of 1833, almost four years, Ross and his crew were able to move the vessel only four miles. As opportunity presented, explorations were made afoot. Boothia Peninsula was explored, King William's Land discovered, and the north magnetic pole located. For the latter, Commander James Clark Ross, the captain's nephew, is usually given principal credit.

In the summer of 1833, Ross's crew crossed Prince Regent Inlet by boat. On 26 August, a whaling vessel was espied. It turned out to be the *Isabella*, the same vessel which Ross had commanded on his controversial expedition of 1818. The second Ross expedition was saved!

There were three immediate geographical results of Ross's expedition. His experience and discoveries had demonstrated the impracticability of proceeding down Prince Regent Inlet to the north coast of America and following it westward to Bering Strait. Bellot Strait lay unsuspected, and farther north than Parry or Ross expected to find a passage. Only in the twentieth century would vessels use it as the key to the Northwest Passage.



The second geographical achievement was the addition of more than 600 miles of known coastline to the map of the Canadain Arctic. And the third achievement was the location of the north magnetic pole. The recently formed Royal Geographical Society awarded Ross the Royal Premium established by the Society's Patron, William IV.

RESCUE EXPEDITION A CO-OPERATIVE EFFORT

When Ross had been gone for three winters, his friends began to express a deep concern for him. At a general meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on 9 April 1832, a letter was read from Dr John Richardson. He proposed three efforts. The first was to send two well-equipped vessels along the route Ross had proposed. The second was to offer adequate rewards to whalers who might "push into Barrow's Straits & Regents Inlet". The third proposal was to "trace the coast south of Regents Inlet by an expedition despatched from the Hudson's Bay Company's settlements on Great Slave Lake." The hazard and expense would both be less by this route, while opening up an unexplored portion of North America. He urged the Society and its members to influence His Majesty's Government to act.

At the same meeting where Richardson's letter was read, another letter urged the Society to start a subscription to raise funds for a relief expedition. The Council considered the matter; while refraining from pledging the Society, it expressed its interest and said it "would not lose sight of the object should any feasible means offer of contributing to its attainment."

George Ross, father of James Clark and brother of John, took on a large part of the burden of fund raising. It was finally arranged that the Treasury would supply £2,000 provided Captain Back were given command of the expedition. The Hudson's Bay Company furnished supplies and canoes free of charge, while Captain Ross's friends agreed to contribute an additional £3,000.

Back and his party proceeded to Great Slave Lake in 1833 and descended what became known as Back's Great Fish River to the sea. The river turned out to be filled with dangerous rapids. Game was scarce, and by the time salt water had been reached, time had run out and supplies were low. There was little Back could do but return the way he had come, without having reached the area where he could reasonably have expected to find Ross, and with little fresh evidence as to the nature of the coastline.

Nonetheless, Back was awarded the Royal Premium for 1835 on his return. Among the speakers at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society when the award was made were Franklin and Richardson, who expressed their ideas as to the point at which the assault on the Arctic should be renewed.

THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY AS SPONSOR

Although the Royal Geographical Society had been hesitant to sponsor Back's first expedition, the Society now recommended a new expedition to the Government. At the meeting of the Council following the award to Back, several letters were read recommending a northwest expedition, including one from Dr Richardson. An Arctic Committee was appointed to prepare a report "on the expedience of making further endeavours" to find the Northwest Passage and "to complete our Geographical Knowledge of the North Coast of America." The Committee consisted of Sir John Barrow, President of the Society, Sir Edward Parry, Sir John Franklin, Captains Beaufort and Back, Dr Richardson, and Captain John Washington, R.N., Secretary of the Society.

Franklin recommended that a party be sent overland to the Arctic Coast from the northern part of Hudson Bay. This plan was adopted and a committee consisting of Lord Ripon, Sir John Franklin, and Captain Cook was appointed to lay the resolution before the appropriate departments of Government.

Lord Glenelg, Secretary for War and Colonies, replied to Ripon on 18 April 1836: "I am sorry that I cannot induce the Cabinet to agree to the North American Expedition." Barrow now took up the cudgels, explaining in some detail the background of the proposal. The stretch of coast yet unexplored was limited, said Barrow. The Admiralty had sent Lyon out in 1824 to undertake the task, but the vessel was unsuitable and the officer inexperienced. A vessel had recently been fitted out to rescue missing whalers, but the voyage had been cancelled. The ship, with two light boats, was all that was required. The additional expense would be small. The Council of the Society offered its best assistance and hoped the Cabinet would reconsider.

As a result Captain Back was given the *Terror* and sailed for Hudson Bay with the intention of proceeding overland from Repulse Bay or Wager Inlet to the northern shore of America and continuing the survey of the coast.

More than a year later Back reported on his cruise to the Society. He had passed Hudson Strait on 1 August 1836. Next day a solid ice field was met. An ice field moved in behind them, cutting off their retreat. During the winter the ship drifted in northern Hudson Bay. When she was released in mid-July, the vessel was so strained that pumps were going night and day to keep her from foundering. Like Lyon in the *Griper*, Hudson Bay had defeated him.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY AS SPONSOR

The Hudson's Bay Company stood sponsor of the expedition that all but completed the survey of the North American coastline. The decision to send out an expedition was made by the governing Committee of the Company in London during 1836. Detailed plans were made by the Northern Council in Hudson Bay. Chief Factor Peter Warren Dease, a man of great experience and tact, was put in charge of organizing the expedition. Second in command was Chief Factor Thomas Simpson,

nephew of Governor George Simpson of the Company, a man of scientific attainments and great endurance.

The Company had been called on repeatedly to furnish aid and assistance to the Government's explorers—indeed, it had recently contributed generously to Back's first expedition. Governor George Simpson had scorned Franklin, and probably had no more use for Back. The Company had a well-founded confidence that its own men could carry through the necessary exploration rapidly, safely, and economically, with minimum inconvenience to the Company's own operations. Any geographical information that might be brought back would be useful to the Company, but it seems to have had no immediate anticipation of expanding its trade as a result of the expedition.

Professor E. E. Rich, in *The Hudson's Bay Company, 1670-1870*, mentions Russian discomfiture at the fact that Dease and Simpson had surveyed the coast to Point Barrow and implies that the Hudson's Bay Company had taken the action to forestall the Russians.

Fort Chipewyan at the west end of Lake Athabasca was the base for the expedition. In June 1837 the party set forth with two small sea boats and a lighter boat that could be carried on a sledge, following the Mackenzie to the Arctic Ocean. Turning westward, they closed the gap between Franklin's Return Reef and Point Barrow, which Beechey had reached from Bering Strait.

Wintering at Fort Confidence on Great Bear Lake, the party crossed to the Coppermine in 1838 and "rode the terrible rapids at full flood while its ice was still driving". After repeated delays due to ice conditions, they followed the coast eastward from the mouth of the Coppermine to a stream they named Beaufort in 106° 3′ W longitude. They had failed to reach Back's River.

A second winter was spent at Fort Confidence. In the spring of 1839 the party again followed the Coppermine to the coast. As they made their way eastward, an extensive coastline was seen to the north, which Simpson named Victoria Land. This time the estuary of Back's Great Fish River was reached. The east side of the estuary was gained after six hours' rowing, and the shore of Boothia Peninsula was traced for about 60 miles. There had been some hope that the party would be able to trace the shore of the Gulf of Boothia to Fury and Hecla Strait, thus completing the survey of the coast; but that was too much even for Simpson to accomplish.

During the third phase of Canadian Arctic exploration, the pattern of sponsorship shifted once more. Original proposals now came largely from naval officers, rather than from Hudson's Bay Company employees. Sir John Barrow encouraged the would-be explorers and used his strategic position at the Admiralty to move their proposals forward. The prestige of the Royal Society was used on occasion to obtain action; by the end of the period, however, the Royal Geographical Society was beginning to play that role. Within the Government, the Admiralty was chief sponsor. The Hudson's Bay Company repeatedly rendered assistance, but it sponsored only the expedition of Dease and Simpson.

In a situation where costs were high, the results speculative, and the benefits of discovering the Northwest Passage not subject to monopoly, the expeditions became of necessity a function of government rather than of commercial companies.

John Henry Pelly, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company 1822-52, gave support to Admiralty expeditions and sponsored Dease and Simpson.

Knowledge of the Canadian Arctic had been materially advanced between 1818 and 1839. At the beginning, the existence of Baffin Bay was uncertain; at the end, all of the North American coast but one small section had been traced. A great archipelago had been discovered. The western shore of Foxe Basin had been explored. New whaling grounds had been opened up north and west of Davis Strait. Many hitherto unknown Eskimo villages had been discovered, and much learned of the Eskimos' culture and habits. The Northwest Passage still eluded the searchers, and yet no one could demonstrate that the Passage did not exist. Still the vision would lure brave men on! ◆

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

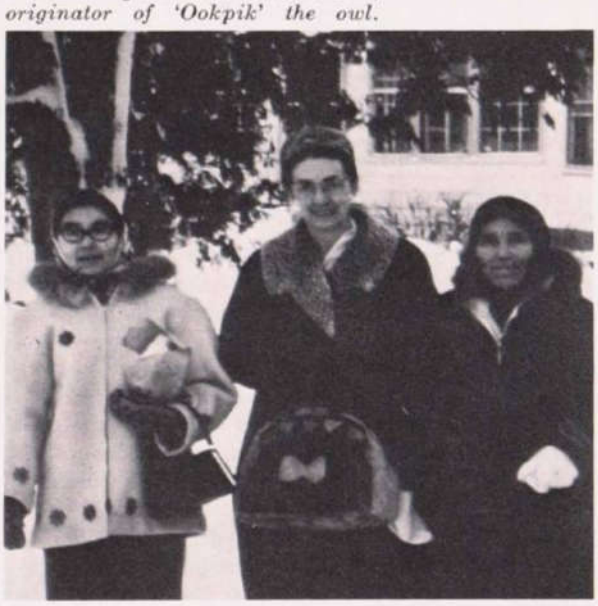
By Audrey Martin McCaw

TO AN ESKIMO, the thought of a trip south for medical treatment can often hold more terror and misgiving than the prospect of landing on the moon. "South", to citizens of the Eastern Arctic, means Montreal or Quebec City where every facet of life is unfamiliar—the climate, the great clusters of buildings, the quantities of trees, traffic, and people. Sometimes it means a visit to a hockey game at the Montreal Forum and discovering with awe that the vast crowd of spectators outnumbers Canada's total Eskimo population. Always, it means the strange, sterile atmosphere of a big, busy hospital.

But in Montreal, at least, they have a friend—an unofficial, quite private citizen—who has opened her heart and home to them for the past fifteen years. Myrtle Tincombe of Lachine, although she has never lived in the Canadian North, is cherished by Eskimo men, women and children from Pangnirtung to Great Whale River, and is affectionately known by them as "Arlngnapik"—nice, endearing lady.

When Myrtle, growing up in Cookstown, north of Toronto, listened with fascination to tales of the Eskimo recounted firsthand by her Anglican rector, she had no idea that one day her home would be referred to as "an igloo away from an igloo" or "a second Arctic Institute". She did not actually meet an Eskimo until, after graduating from the University of Toronto and working in research labs, she married Harold Tincombe, an engineer, and settled down in Lachine. As leader of a girls' group at the local Y she was looking for a world service project and learnt there were Eskimos staying temporarily across the river in the Caughnawaga Indian Reserve. She and her class visited them each Saturday, taking treats for the children. Soon, she and her husband and two daughters were inviting them to church and home for Sunday dinner. The language barrier was overcome with smiles, gestures, and by involving them in family activities such as her hobby of making Christmas decorations. As Myrtle began visiting in hospitals and prisons her relationship with the apprehensive newcomers became a unique one, for she is in no way "official" and the contact has been strictly on the basis of friendship and help.

Evie Ikidluak, Myrtle Tincombe and their guest Jeanie Snowball, originator of 'Ookpik' the owl.



Myrtle's commitment is not just an interest for leisure hours. She is foster mother to two Eskimo young people who have been regular members of the Tincombe household for several years. Jaco Takiassuk, now twenty, is a polio victim who was obliged to leave the North at the age of five and has lived with the Tincombes since 1957. Encouraged by his foster parents, aided by a cheerful disposition and his skilful use of crutches, Jaco has been active as a Boy Scout, has pursued his talent for drawing and this year will graduate from high school. To maintain ties with his own people, he has spent several summers at home in Ivugivik, a small settlement on Hudson Strait, and on one occasion the federal government brought his parents south for a visit at the Tincombe's very expandable cottage on Lake Champlain.

Myrtle's foster daughter, Evie Ikidluak, is twenty-one and will soon have the distinction of being the first Eskimo from the Eastern Arctic to complete teacher training at a university. She, too, has been with the Tincombes for many years. Evie speaks English, Eskimo, and French and understands Cree. She served as interpreter when the Reverend Noah Nasook from Baffin Island preached a sermon at a Montreal church. In 1967 Evie was chosen to receive a Canadian Centennial Commission grant to attend a YWCA leadership camp in Yellowknife and later that year had the honour of displaying handicrafts to Prince Philip in Toronto. Last summer she was one of Canada's delegates to the YM-YWCA's World Conference of Young Adults and her personal mail bears postmarks from the four corners of the globe. Evie hopes to return to the northland to teach

Prince Philip listens attentively as Evie describes Eskimo handicrafts.

and to help improve understanding between the two cultures; in this she knows she can count on the continuing support and affection of her foster parents.

For Carolyn and Diane, the Tincombe's two daughters, sharing their home with Canadians of another culture has been an enriching experience. Both girls are now teachers and Carolyn, especially, has chosen to follow in her mother's footsteps. For three of her teenage summers she served as a student volunteer in the Anglican Diocese of the Arctic. Travelling by plane, canoe, and Peterhead whaleboat, she conducted bible schools for Indian and Eskimo children at Great Whale River and in remote settlements along the Ungava coast. After teaching for two years in Montreal, Carolyn has now returned to the Arctic where she teaches twenty-five children in the small schoolhouse at Port Nouveau, formerly George River.

Myrtle is godmother to two Eskimo children and one of her greatest satisfactions is the continuing personal relationship with her guests. She recalls the joyous long distance call from a young lad in Frobisher Bay who wanted to share with Arlngnapik the good news that he had shot his first seal and was sending her the skin. There was the frantic summons from a Montreal hospital to come and help calm an obstreperous newcomer who was gesticulating wildly. When she arrived, the young man grinned and broke into rapid Eskimo. Recognizing a place name, Myrtle indicated that her foster son came from the same village. He nodded vigorously and finally made it clear that he was Jaco's older brother and that his accident had made possible a family reunion.

Some of Myrtle's letters contain requests that are tricky to fulfil. One asked for "a pair of pants—you'll know my size". Another ordered rubber stockings for his wife which proved to be—after considerable correspondence and a picture clipped from a catalogue—not surgical hose but a pair of nylon stretchies!

The prized collection of Eskimo handicrafts that fills every nook and shelf of the Tincombe home is tangible evidence of the appreciation of Myrtle's guests. Most of the beautiful ivory, wooden and soapstone carvings, the sealskin rugs and purses, the embroidered and fur-trimmed duffle coats, socks, and mitts, were made by the donors themselves as a personal token of friendship.

Over the years Myrtle has waved off many an Arctic-bound guest from Dorval Airport and last winter she herself flew north to visit her daughter in Port Nouveau. Her Eskimo friends there and in Fort Chimo, where she also stopped, eagerly grasped the opportunity—with a warmth that belied the January chill of Ungava Bay—to extend "northern hospitality" to Arlngnapik, their best friend in the south.

The Rt. Reverend Donald B. Marsh, Anglican Bishop of the Arctic, has pointed out that "although the Eskimos have a very unstable economy, money alone isn't the answer. What they need now is something you can't buy —friendship and a chance to be something more than second class citizens." In these post-centennial days when we are all aware of the need to strengthen bonds of citizenship and foster understanding among all Canadians, it is heart-warming to meet a woman like Myrtle Tincombe of Lachine who has been doing this very thing for the past fifteen years. ◆

Harold Tincombe, Carolyn and Jaco (with crutches) take a group of Eskimo friends to church service in Lachine.

MARBLE ISLAND

text and photographs

BY FRED BRUEMMER

AN AURA of dread surrounds Marble Island, near the west coast of Hudson Bay. I saw it for the first time from the RCMP longliner *Belcher*, rising from the dark sea like a white, shimmering mirage. "That island is bad," said Jimmy Gibbon, of Eskimo Point, the boat's veteran pilot. "When you visit it, you must go up its shore on your hands and knees. Otherwise you will have bad luck."

At Rankin Inlet, a settlement 25 miles from Marble Island, I asked the young RCMP special constable Casmir Krirterdluk about this tradition. He smiled, a bit embarrassed, and said it was "not wise" to just walk onto the island. "Some people think they are smart and do it, but always something bad happens to them afterwards."

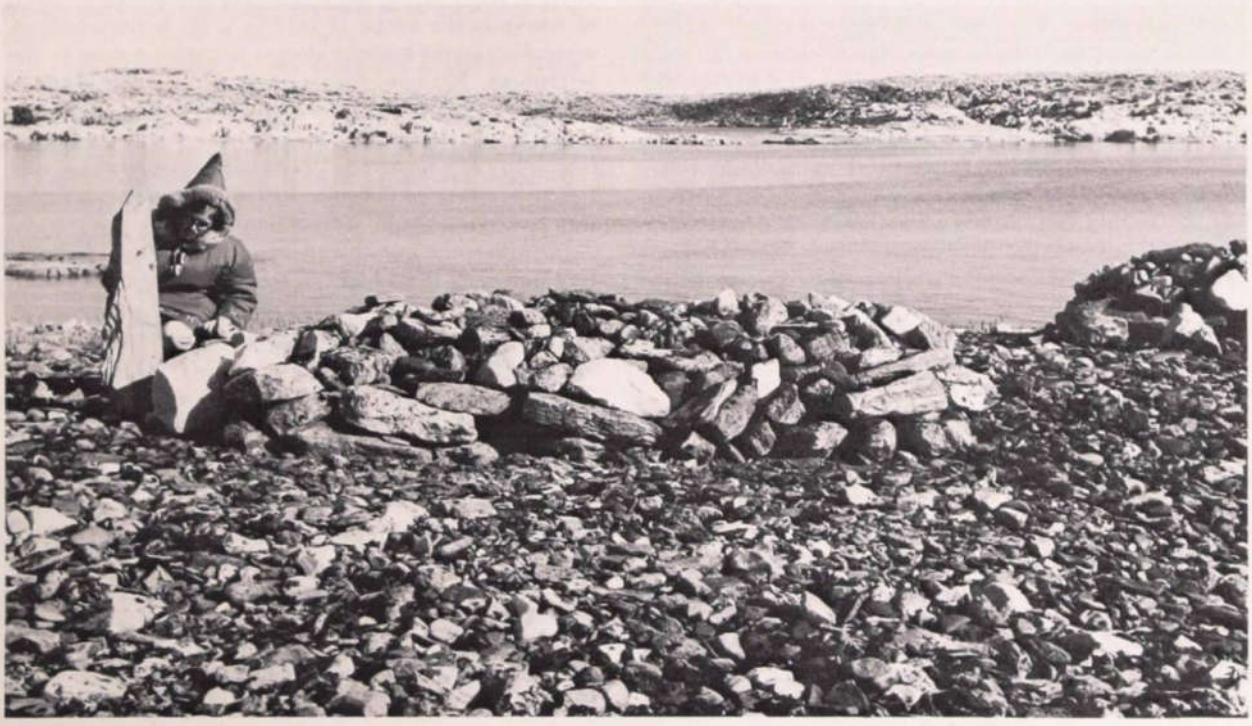
Siksik, a prominent Rankin Inlet Eskimo, was more explicit. "Everybody knows that if you don't go up the beach on your elbows and knees, you will have bad trouble within a year and your life will be very short," he said.

Siksik's wife, Putuguk, explained the 'creation legend' of this island which the Eskimos call, because of its creamy-white colour, *oksogeak*—the blubber-like one. "Long, long ago, after all the land around Hudson Bay had formed, a huge piece of ice drifted across the sea. Finally it stopped, settled and solidified and became Marble Island," Putuguk said. Before the white men came, Eskimos went to hunt on Marble Island. There were lots of geese there, and swans, and also caribou and it was a good place to hunt seal. It was all right to hunt on the island, and some people even lived there, but they had to be respectful because this was a very special island.

Then the white men (whalers) came, Putuguk said. They were hard people. They had killed the grandfather of her first husband, Papak. Another time, she said, an Eskimo family went to the island to trade. While they were on the island they saw the "boss-man" kill another man with an axe. When he realized they had witnessed the murder, he cut a hole in their boat and pushed them out to sea and they all drowned. This the whalers told other Eskimos who later came to look for their friends.

After hearing these and other stories, I was quite curious to see this island which had inspired so many legends and beliefs. Hakulu took me there in his Peterhead boat, and as we landed I watched him closely, ready to follow his example and to ascend the island, like a supplicant, on hands and knees. But Hakulu walked boldly ashore and, after a moment's hesitation, so did I. Later I asked him why he had not observed the ancient custom of crawling ashore. "Oh, that's only the first time

Stone mounds on a long gravel ridge mark the old graves on Deadman Island. The gap in the coast of Marble Island beyond is the entrance of a narrow channel leading to Knight Harbour.



Cracked rocks, broken and polished by ice (left) cover the beach near the deep narrow passage that leads from Hudson Bay to Knight Harbour (right) the "inner harbour" of the whalers.

you land here," he explained. "I have been here before, so I can walk ashore. But you should have crawled." (The island's spirits must have made due allowance for my ignorance. because the 'year of fear' has since elapsed without a major disaster.)

Kaj Birket-Smith, who visited the area during the Fifth Thule Expedition (1921-1924) said of Marble Island: "The Eskimos believe it was once of ice. Therefore it is so holy that visitors going there for the first time must creep up on it on their knees."

The first white man to probably see the Eskimos' holy island was Luke Foxe, looking for the Northwest Passage along the west coast of Hudson Bay in 1631. He was delighted with it. "It is all of white marble," he wrote, and also notes that around this island, looking "like Alabaster", great whales were plentiful. "We saw some 20 playing." He named it Brooke Cobham, after one of his expedition patrons, Sir John Brooke, later Lord Cobham.

More than a century later, Marble Island as it was usually called, gained its grim reputation. James Knight had entered the services of the Hudson's Bay Company as carpenter in 1676, became factor at several posts, and finally rose to the position of governor-in-chief of Hudson Bay. In 1717, he built Fort Churchill, on the Churchill River, not far from the spot where all but three members of the Danish expedition under Jens Munk had perished of scurvy in the winter of 1619 to 1620. Indians had, on several occasions brought chunks of native copper to the settlement. It came, they said rather vaguely, from a river in the north. Knight was anxious to find the source of this copper and of gold, too, which he believed could be found. In 1716, he noted already in his journal: ". . . . let things be never so difficult . . . I will endeavor to find a way to arrive at both" (copper and gold).

In 1719, while in England, he persuaded the Hudson's Bay Company to let him explore the regions to the north of Churchill. He was given two vessels, the frigate *Albany*, George Berley master, and the sloop *Discovery* under the command of Captain David Vaughan. Knight's instructions were: "You are, with the first Opportunity of Wind and Weather, to depart Gravesend on your intended Voyage, by God's Permission, to find out the Streight of Anian, in order to discover Gold, and other valuable Commodities, to the Northward, &c."

The aged commander (Knight was then nearly 80 according to Hearne) was most sanguine of success. He took with him some large iron-bound chests to hold the gold and other valuables the north would yield to him.

The expedition sailed to the Bay and vanished. Alarmed, the Hudson's Bay Company sent the sloop *Whalebone* under John Scroggs out in 1722 to look for the

missing men, but the sloop returned having found a few relics but no trace of ships or men.

In 1764, the Hudson's Bay Company began a "black whale fishery" (Greenland whale) near Marble Island. It was not a successful venture, and the Company abandoned it in 1772 after losing £20,000 on it, but in 1767, forty-eight years after the Knight expedition vanished, the whale hunters discovered a harbour on Marble Island and, at its head, guns, anchors, bricks, a smith's anvil and the outlines of a house. In five fathoms of water they could see the remnants of Knight's ships.

Two years later, when Samuel Hearne was at Marble Island, he encountered there some old Eskimos and heard from them, through an interpreter, the tragic tale. This is what they told him:

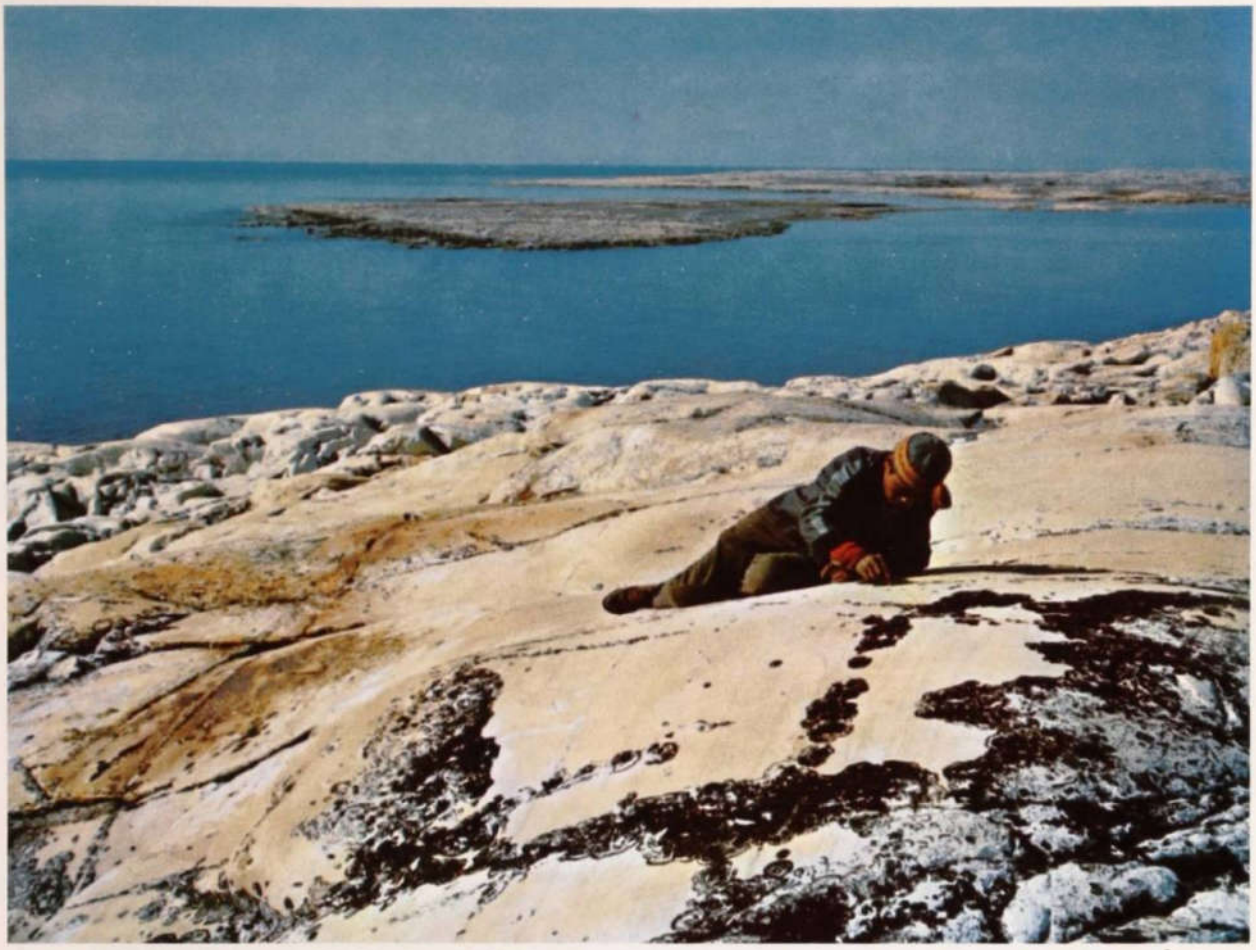
> When the vessels arrived at this place (Marble Island) it was very late in Fall, and in getting them into the harbour, the largest received much damage; but on being fairly in, the English began to build the house, their number at that time seeming to be about fifty. As soon as the ice permitted the following Summer (one thousand seven hundred and twenty) the Esquimaux paid them another visit, by which time the number of the English was greatly reduced, and those that were living, seemed very unhealthy. According to the account given by the Esquimaux, they were then busily employed, but about what they could not easily describe, probably in lengthening the long-boat. . .
>
> Sickness and famine occasioned such havock among the English, that by the setting in of the second Winter their number was reduced to twenty. That Winter (1720) some of the Esquimaux took up their abode on the opposite side of the harbour to that on which the English had built their houses, and frequently supplied them with such provisions as they had, which chiefly consisted of whale's blubber and seal's flesh and train oil. When the Spring advanced, the Esquimaux went to the continent, and on their visiting Marble Island again, in the Summer of 1721, they only found five of the English alive, and those were in such distress for provisions that they eagerly eat the seal's flesh and whale's blubber quite raw, as they purchased it from the natives. This disordered them so much, that three of them died in a few days, and the other two, though very weak, made a shift to bury them. Those two survived many days after the rest, and frequently went to the top of an adjacent rock, and earnestly looked to the South and East, as if in expectation of some vessel coming to their relief. After continuing there a considerable time together, and nothing appearing in sight, they sat down close together, and wept bitterly. At length one of the two died, and the other's strength was so far exhausted, that he fell down and died also, in attempting to dig a grave for his companion.

Although the Hudson's Bay Company whale fishery in the region of Marble Island failed, this seems to have led to the annual trading trips northward by company ships. Marble Island or the mainland opposite it were the usual places of rendezvous with the Eskimos who came from far away with their goods. In 1892, Joseph Lofthouse, first bishop of Keewatin, travelled north on one of the two small schooners, together with a Hudson's Bay Company clerk and more than 100 Eskimos who had camped during spring and early summer near the old Fort Prince of Wales. On July 31st, they saw Marble Island, which "with the sun shining full upon it looked

just like an immense iceberg". On the mainland opposite Marble Island, 150 Eskimos were already awaiting the arrival of the trading ships. They had come from Baker Lake, Chesterfield Inlet, Cape Fullerton and, Bishop Lofthouse states, Bathurst Inlet, but Birket-Smith says they did not come from as far away as that. These trading encounters continued in the Marble Island area until the Hudson's Bay Company established its post at Chesterfield Inlet in 1912.

In 1860, the first New England whaling ships hunted in Hudson Bay. At first the whalers wintered at Marble Island and in the 1860s and 1870s there were sometimes as many as fourteen ships frozen in one of the island's snug harbours. The Eskimos of the region supplied the whalers with fresh meat in return for trade goods. Even this did not always help to stave off the dreaded scurvy. The United States expedition under Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, looking for remains of the Franklin expedition (1878-1880) stopped at Marble Island. Henry Klutschak,

Right: Parts of a shank and fluke of an old anchor and a hand-forged chain in a small cairn near the coast of Knight Harbour and (below) a partially caved-in grotto.



A Rankin Inlet Eskimo draws on Marble Island's smooth white stone with its tracery of lichen. Beyond is Deadman Island.

one of the expedition members, observed the health of the whalers was poor, and especially the Portuguese and Cape Verde Islanders among them suffered severely from the cold. Between the years 1871 to 1880, he noted the number of graves had increased from one to twenty-three.

The island is now only rarely visited. We arrived early in the morning by Peterhead boat and went first ashore on Deadman Island, a tiny islet off Marble Island's southwest coast. On this island the quartzite, so beautifully white on Marble, is greyish and intermixed with a dark micaceous schist. Deadman Island is low and flat, except for a rock ridge in its center. Here are the graves, some large and elaborate, with white stone borders, others merely mounds of stones. Between Deadman Island and Marble Island was the "outer harbour" of the whalers. From this a channel, 1½ to 2 fathoms deep and 50 yards wide, flanked by high cliffs, leads into the island and suddenly opens into a large landlocked basin, a mile long, nearly half a mile wide and twenty fathoms deep, ringed by shimmering white cliffs. This is now called Knight Harbour (the whalers called it "inner harbour") despite the fact that the Knight expedition perished in a harbour farther east along the seven-mile-long island.

On this clear day, Marble Island was breathtakingly beautiful. It looked like one of those sun-drenched, luminous Aegean islands, white and cream and buff, the dark waves turning to bright turquoise as they rolled up upon the white rock. The quartzite is frequently tinted and veined in pink or lilac, then again in delicate greens and soft rose, and great areas are overgrown with a black filigree of lichen, as delicate as the lacework of a Spanish mantilla. Near the sea, the rock is polished into lovely rounded forms. Further inland, the rock was less worn, and sharp and hard as flint. On the beaches we found whale bones, an old anchor near the sea, and some hand-made bricks (and a dead fox) in the depth of a partially caved-in grotto. We left the island in the evening. It fell behind, rose-red in the rays of the setting sun, so lovely it was hard to think of it as an island of sad events and sinister repute. ◆

ARTISTS IN HAIDA-GWAI

By Jacqueline Hooper

With photographs by Anthony Carter and paintings by Minn Sjolseth

A PHOTOGRAPHER-ARTIST TEAM last year visited the Haida country of the Queen Charlotte Islands or Haida-Gwai. Anthony Carter was in search of Indian history and photogenic subjects for a forthcoming book, one of a series depicting the British Columbia coast Indian of the present day, linked to the old ways within living memory but facing the reality of the new. Minn Sjolseth, Norwegian-born Vancouver artist and private life Mrs Carter went along to sketch while her husband interviewed and took photographs.

A sense of urgency accompanied them to the Queen Charlottes to record on film and canvas the hand-carved canoes rotting on deserted beaches, the magnificently worked storage boxes abandoned to the mercy of the coastal rain forest, totem poles toppling at crazy angles from their crumbling bases and, most important of all, the people, the old chiefs and ancient basket-weavers, passing unnoticed from the scene.

"With the establishment of a naval unit at Masset, and an upsurge in development of the Queen Charlottes' resources, I knew we had no time to lose," said Anthony Carter. "In a year or two nothing will be the same. With a growing population and an influx of visitors, the old ruins—now virtually unprotected—will be obliterated."

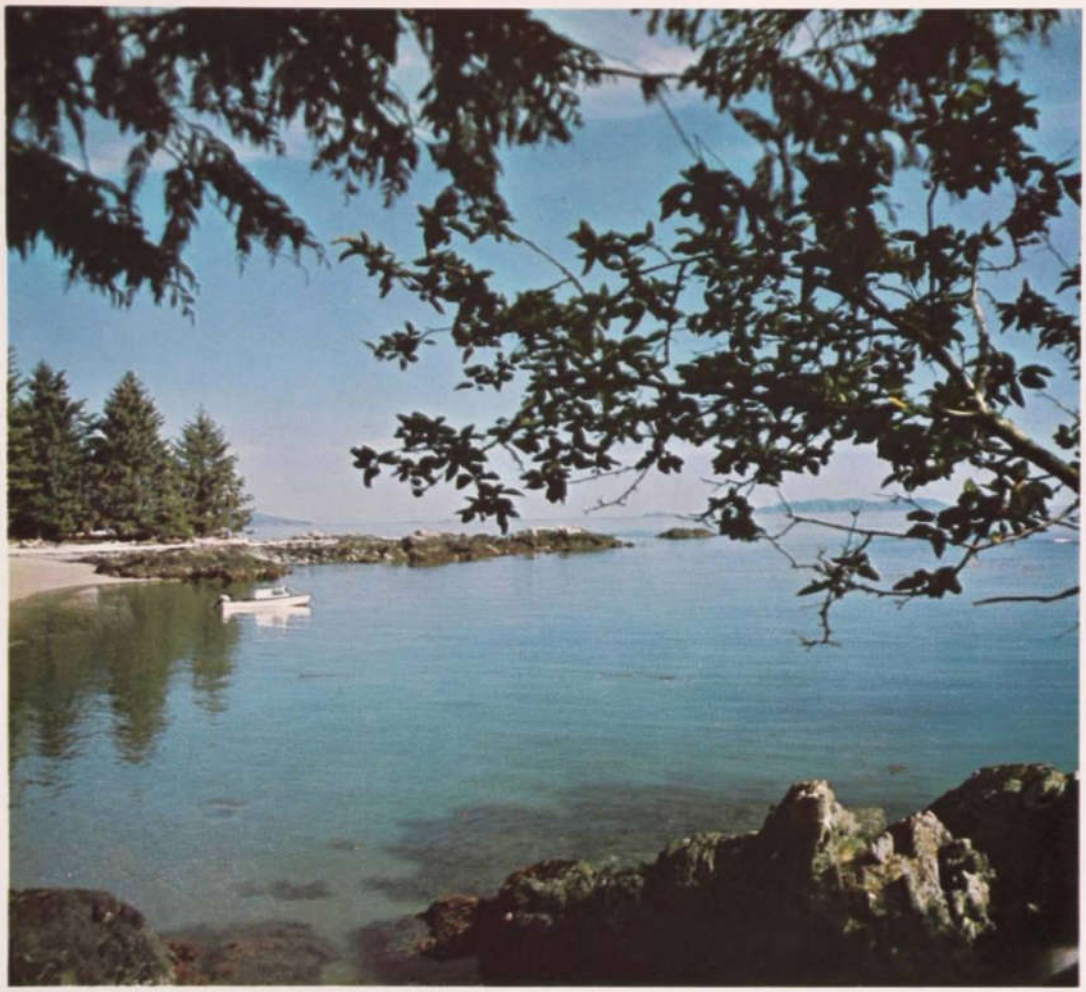
Photo-historian Carter planned his series of books more than fifteen years ago. To gather authentic first hand material he had to be able to meet the Indians on their own terms, so he started out in the early fifties fishing and fish-packing along the rugged west coast.

"I was a terrible fisherman," he recalled, "but I got a lot of wonderful pictures and stories, and made lifetime friends."

As a result of his travels he is confident in his portrayal of these Indian people in their own environment, for "from here on they will never be the same again. The art of the Pacific Northwest Indian has been well documented by experts, almost written to death in fact, but the people and their own personal history have not."

The Queen Charlotte Islands have long had a special attraction for the Carters. Anthony Carter was stationed with the R.C.A.F. at Sandspit during the war, and dreamed of returning one day. Minn Sjolseth, following in the footsteps of Emily Carr since coming to B.C. in 1957, has a keen interest in painting the likenesses of old residents and the remains of native habitations. Everywhere they went she carried sketch book, easel and paint-box.

Interval for lunch during a spruce root digging expedition in which the Carters joined at Sangen River east of Masset on the north shore. Minn Sjolseth is on the left.



Rufus Moody's boat at Tahnoo on Moresby Island.

Arriving in Queen Charlotte City by plane in late July, they visited the main centres of Indian population and searched for deserted villages fast disappearing in the lush, advancing forest.

Their host in Skidegate was Rufus Moody, the artist who carved the Centennial Argillite Pole, a fifty-inch totem pole fashioned from one slab of the unusual black slate found only in the Charlottes. Commissioned by the government for Canada's centenary, it now stands in the parliamentary Commonwealth Room in Ottawa.

"Rufus and Jean Moody took us down the east coast of Moresby Island in their fourteen-foot boat," Anthony related on his return. "Minn was glad of her Norwegian sea-faring blood as the coastline receded and the expanse of Hecate Strait stretched before us. The little boat with its load of four, our equipment and camping gear, and the Moody's Irish wolfhound, Rex, finally made a safe landfall at the old village of Skedans on Louise Island—much to our relief!

"Despite his sophistication, Rufus Moody was uneasy at Skedans. The totem poles there are heavily marked by time, long past the days when they might have been restored. Their life span is only eighty to a hundred years in the damp climate. Minn sketched some of the poles but we didn't feel like staying long. The spirits of long-dead villagers hurried us on our way.

"Moody was much more relaxed when we reached Tahnoo (or Tanu) farther south at the head of Logan Inlet. This was once the village of his family, even though the last occupants left before the turn of the century. Nothing remains except one totem pole, some graves, and the natural beauty of the setting. The day we were there was extraordinarily peaceful. The water was like a mirror even though we knew long swells were running outside."

Minn Sjolseth sketching a mortuary column, one of the fifteen poles still standing at the old Ninstints settlement on Anthony Island.

Tahnoo was once a thriving community. Two hundred years ago the Haida were masters of the islands and the Vikings of the North Pacific Ocean. They were the leaders among the three most important northern nations: Haida, Tsimshian and Tlingit. Once thousands strong, their numbers rapidly dwindled to hundreds with the coming of the white man who introduced alcohol and unfamiliar disease. Of many prosperous villages like Tahnoo, Skedans, and Cumshewa dotting the coast, only two now remain—Masset and Skidegate. Chieftains of villages stricken with dreaded smallpox took their surviving people to these centres; long-time feuds between clans were forgotten in the larger struggle for survival. This is why today you find a surprising number of hereditary chiefs in Haida Village (the Indian settlement at Masset), and at Skidegate.

After a hair-raising return trip from Tahnoo, running aground in Carmichael Channel while trying to beat the tidal bore of Louise Narrows, and discovering that Rufus Moody's dog, Rex, couldn't swim but knew all about chasing bears, the Carters returned to Skidegate to meet some of the old chiefs.

They met Chief Louis Collison, then eighty, whom Marius Barbeau described as one of the best argillite sculptors of his time. Minn Sjolseth sketched him, and later painted Nanai Williams, at 103 the oldest resident of Skidegate.

Then they drove up to Masset on the north coast of Graham Island, to talk with William Matthews, better known as Chief Weah, a proud name for generations in the Masset region. They also met master carver Chief Robert Davidson and his wife. Minn sketched them in animated poses as fascinated grandchildren, great grandchildren and neighbouring children peered over her shoulder. Chief Davidson's young grandson, Robert, studying art in Vancouver, is acknowledged as the best of the younger generation of Haida carvers.

"I wanted to pay the Davidsons for posing for their portraits," Minn recalled, "but Mrs Davidson made us a gift of homemade bread and jelly instead. That's the way it was with all the Haidas we met—they couldn't do enough for us. I think they understand and appreciate those who are trying to preserve whatever they can of this amazing heritage of the Haida people."

Beaver pole on Anthony Island, or Sung-Gwai, by Minn Sjolseth whose original painting was presented to Crown Prince Harald of Norway.

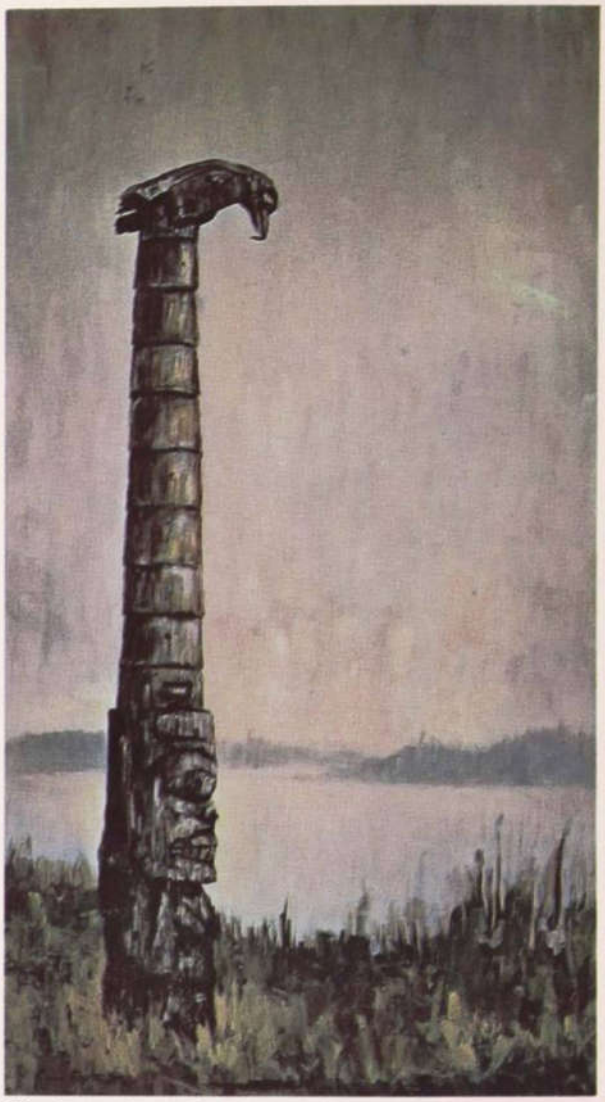
Highlight of the Carter expedition was a visit to Anthony Island (Sung-Gwai) at the southwest tip of the Queen Charlotte group. Little is known about the Ninstints village on the island which was abandoned in the eighties. "The Sung-Gwai people who once lived there have vanished now," reported Anthony Carter. "A few made their way north to Masset and Skidegate, but the fate of the rest is a mystery—like the island itself."

In 1957, with the permission of the Skidegate band council, an expedition collected totem poles from the island and from other villages farther north. The poles, and sections of some, were crated and transported to Victoria and Vancouver for preservation. "Tragically, for future generations," Anthony Carter feels, "there is now no opportunity to restore any of the villages to their former glory. No 'Barkerville' or 'Lower Fort Garry' is possible here because of the advanced state of deterioration of the village remains.

"Anthony Island is now a provincial park and, as far as I can gather, it isn't visited for years at a time. Despite the indescribable loneliness of the place, the old village feeling is still there. Without meaning to, you find yourself turning your head quickly when the wind makes a movement in the trees, half expecting to see one of the villagers."

Minn Sjolseth started painting the relics on Anthony Island as soon as she could set up her easel. "I sat on the sand at low tide near the half-decayed burial poles. They are enormous, some of them twelve feet around, some leaning at fantastic angles. I could feel the huge sightless eyes of a carved beaver on me as I painted, my stomach in knots. I wasn't really afraid, but I was very much aware of the overpowering spell cast by these poles".

Nanai Williams, age 103, the oldest resident of Skidegate.



The last pole at Skidegate.

Anthony Island's secrets are well guarded by treacherous currents and the vagaries of the open Pacific. Small boats have difficulty amongst hidden rocks and enormous beds of kelp, and the unpredictable sea mist which frequently shrouds the island. Anthony Carter described his feelings this way:

> The pillage of time
> and grotesque
> the rotting stubs of ancient scrolls
> await the darkened forest's march,
> to wrap the shroud of history
> about what still remains:
> Man's art should never die like this. ◆

The Surrender of Fort Yukon

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

by Clifford Wilson

FORT YUKON was built by Alexander Hunter Murray of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1847, some 115 miles west of the border between the H B C trading territories and Russian America (*Beaver*, June 1947). Murray was well aware of the fact that he was in Russian territory; but considering that no Russian had yet penetrated farther than about 600 miles from the coast, he felt he was reasonably safe in building there. The site had already been reached two years before by Chief Trader John Bell, who had explored the Porcupine River to its junction with the Yukon.

Nevertheless, in case the Russians should become adventurous enough to make their way up the Yukon as far as his fort, which stood on the right bank of that river a couple of miles from the Porcupine's mouth, Murray set out to build "the best and strongest [fort] between Red River and the Polar Sea". Subsequently various rumours reached him through Indians coming to trade, that the Russians were only eight days away, that they were bringing a cannon with them, and that they were going to explore the river to its source.

It was not until seventeen years later, however, that the first Russian trader, Ivan Simonsen Lukeen, reached the fort from the sea, and he had only a few men with him. And before any other Russians arrived there, the United States had bought Russian America and named the whole territory Alaska. That was in 1867, two years after the end of the Civil War.

By that time a new fort had been begun, in 1864, about a mile farther down the river, as the fast-flowing Yukon had begun to undermine the steep bank on top of which Murray's fort had stood. In 1866 this new post was visited by Ketchum and Laberge of the Western Union Telegraph Company which was in the process of putting a line through Alaska to be connected to Siberia, and thence to Europe—a project that was cancelled after the opening of the Atlantic cable in July 1866.

Next year, just before the formal transfer of Alaska to the United States, W. H. Dall and Frederick Whymper of Western Union reached the fort from the coast, travelling up the great river in kayaks. Later each wrote a book in which their visit to Fort Yukon was described. Dall commented that at that time the fort needed only the erection of a stockade to complete it. Whymper, who wrote that the fort was unfinished, shows in his water-colour drawn in 1867 a palisade between the river-front bastions.

"The present buildings," wrote Dall in *Alaska and its Resources*, "consist of a large house, containing six rooms, for the commander; a block of three houses, of one room each, for the workmen; a large storehouse; a kitchen; and four block-houses or bastions pierced for musketry, at the corners of the proposed stockade. Outside of the fort is a small house of two rooms, belonging to Antoine Houle the interpreter.

"All the houses were strongly built, roofed with sheets of spruce bark pinned and fastened down by long poles. The sides were plastered with a white mortar made from shell-marl, obtainable in the vicinity. Most of the windows were of parchment, but those of the commander's house were of glass. The latter was provided with good plank floors, and doors and sashes were painted red with ochre. The yard was free from dirt, and the houses, with their white walls and red trimmings, made a very favorable comparison with any of those in the Russian posts."

Whymper in his book *Travel and Adventure in the Territory of Alaska* added the information that "there were magazines, stores, a fur-room, fur-press, ice and meat wells"—the last-named being covered excavations for storing these commodities in the cold ground. One of the local Indians, known as Red Leggings, was he says, a Kootcha-kutchin chief, "gorgeous in a mock uniform with immense gilt epaulets, brass buttons, and trimmings, and had as many coloured ribbons hanging from his cap as would stock ten recruiting-sergeants for life."

Next year (1868) the Company's right to trade there was fiercely contested by American traders and they were told that any future attempt to buy skins within the transferred territory would be resisted, if necessary by force.

At the same time it became evident to the American Government that if the H B C trade in Alaska was to be stopped, it had better be nipped off at the roots by taking possession of Fort Yukon. As the fort's position had never been scientifically determined, however, it would be necessary to send a small government expedition to establish its longitude. So on 3 February 1869, President Andrew Johnson sent "To the Senate and House of

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Clifford Wilson, former editor of "The Beaver", was before his retirement last year Director of Glenbow Foundation and then Assistant Director of the National Museum of Canada.

H B C COLLN.

Fort Yukon from a water-colour by Frederick Whymper in 1867 when the post on the second site had not yet been completed.

Representatives . . . for the consideration of Congress, a report from the Secretary of State , . . in relation to the encroachments of agents of the Hudson's Bay Company upon the trade and territory of Alaska."

The Secretary of State was William H. Seward, who had engineered the purchase of Alaska—a deal termed by his opponents "Seward's Folly", though he had bought the whole territory for only $7,200,000. His report read in part as follows:

> In order to carry into full execution the statutes prohibiting unauthorized trade and intercourse with Indians in Alaska, it appears essential that a district Court of the United States, with the usual judicial and ministerial officers, should be established therein. It does not adjoin any other territory of the United States. The expedient heretofore employed of annexing such new and sparsely settled Indian country to some established territory for judicial purposes is impracticable in this instance, because offenders could not be transported to the place of trial without passing beyond the jurisdiction of the United States or being conveyed by sea to Oregon or California.

The Secretary of War, General J. M. Schofield, had sent to Seward on 27 January a copy of a letter from an American trader in Alaska named F. M. Smith Jr., which read as follows:

> The Russians have been aware for many years that the traders of the Hudson's Bay Company have established themselves on their territory, but owing to either lack of energy or faithfulness of employees of the Russo-American Company, have failed to report it to the home government. Our boundary line, according to maps of the Western Union Telegraph Exploring Expedition (and which are considered the best) is latitude [*sic*] 145° west [141°]. Fort Youkon, the English [fort], is a large and well built one, consisting of the Commander's, men's, stores and trading houses, all surrounded by a stockade. It is situated in Long. 149° 15′ [143° 45′] west, Lat. 65° 10′ north [66° 32′—on the Arctic Circle] some 125 miles within our lines.
>
> This fort has been considered by the Hudson's Bay Company the most valuable one west of the Rocky Mountains. It is, however, the hardest one for them to supply with goods and provisions, they having to pack everything on half-breeds' backs in some places over 60 miles of portage.
>
> In addition to trading in the immediate vicinity of their fort, they have made annual trips down the Koickpak river [Kwichpak or Kvihpak—the Russian name for one of the Yukon's mouths] some 400 miles, to a place called Nuklukiaaih [also spelt Nuklukiak and Nuclucayette, Nuklukayet—17 miles above the mouth of the Tanana River], longitude 151° [45′] west and latitude about 65° north, about half-way to the most northern post the Russo-American Company have, viz., Fort Nulato . . . Coming down on the ice on the breaking up of the Koichpak in the spring, they have always been enabled to complete their trading and get away before the Russians, laboring under the disadvantage of an equal distance to go and against the current, could arrive.
>
> The Russians and the English have never met but once and that was in the spring of 1866. The Russians arriving at Nuklukiaaih just in time to see the English depart in their boat. Major Robert Kennicott, the commander of the exploring party sent into the interior of that country by the Western Union Telegraph Company has spent four winters previously in the north, passing one winter [1860-61] at Fort Youkon. He says that notwithstanding the immense difficulties they contended against, they collected a very large number of skins yearly.

In a previous decision of the U.S. Supreme Court it had been declared that upon the addition to the United States of new territory by conquest or cession, the acts regulating foreign commerce take effect within such territory *ipso facto*, and without any fresh legislation. "I can see no reason," wrote Seward, "for a discrimination in this respect between acts regulating foreign commerce and the laws regulating intercourse with the Indian tribes . . . The Indians, if not foreigners, are not citizens, and their tribes have the character of dependent nations under the protection of their government." He says later:

> The act of 30th June 1834 defines the Indian country as, in part, 'all that part of the United States west of the Mississippi and not within the states of Missouri and Louisiana, or the Territory of Arkansas'. This, a happy elasticity of expression, widening as our dominion widens, includes the territory ceded by Russia.
>
> That act provides that no person shall trade with any of the Indians (in the Indian country) without a license; that any person, other than an Indian, who shall attempt to reside in the Indian country as a trader, or to introduce goods, or to trade therein, without such license, shall forfeit all merchandise offered for sale to the Indians or found in his possession; and shall moreover, forfeit the sum of $500; that no license to trade with the Indians shall be granted to any persons except citizens of the United States; that a foreigner going into the Indian country without a passport . . . shall be liable to a fine of $1,000; finally that the superintendent of Indian affairs, and Indian agents, and sub-agents shall have the authority to remove from the Indian country all persons found therein contrary to law, and the President is authorized to direct the military force to be employed in such removal.

These provisions, Seward concludes, seem to be all that can be necessary in the way of legislation to prevent the encroachments of the Hudson's Bay Company into Alaska.

The first thing to be done, however, was to send a surveyor to Fort Yukon to make sure it *was* in Alaska, and Captain Charles W. Raymond of the U.S. Engineers Corps was chosen for the job. His orders from Lt-Colonel Robert Scott of San Francisco, dated 2 April 1869, instructed him to determine the fort's latitude and longitude, and to ascertain the amount of trade carried on by the Company in Alaskan territory, and more particularly the quantity of goods brought by them from British territory.

He left San Francisco on 6 April aboard a sailing ship which carried on her deck a 50-foot-long sternwheel steamer that had been plying the waters of San Francisco Bay. This was an ingenious way of coping with the fast current of the Yukon River, and it turned out to be a great success.

In June they arrived at St. Michael's Island in Norton Sound and on July 1st the little steamer was launched there. They built a rough pilot house on her deck, and bought two large boats which they loaded with supplies and trade goods. Finally they started up the Yukon with thirteen passengers, including Raymond and his assistants, Michael Laberge, who was designated as Chief Trader, and Lewis B. Parrott, a San Francisco banker, principal partner in the firm that was going to take over Fort Yukon.

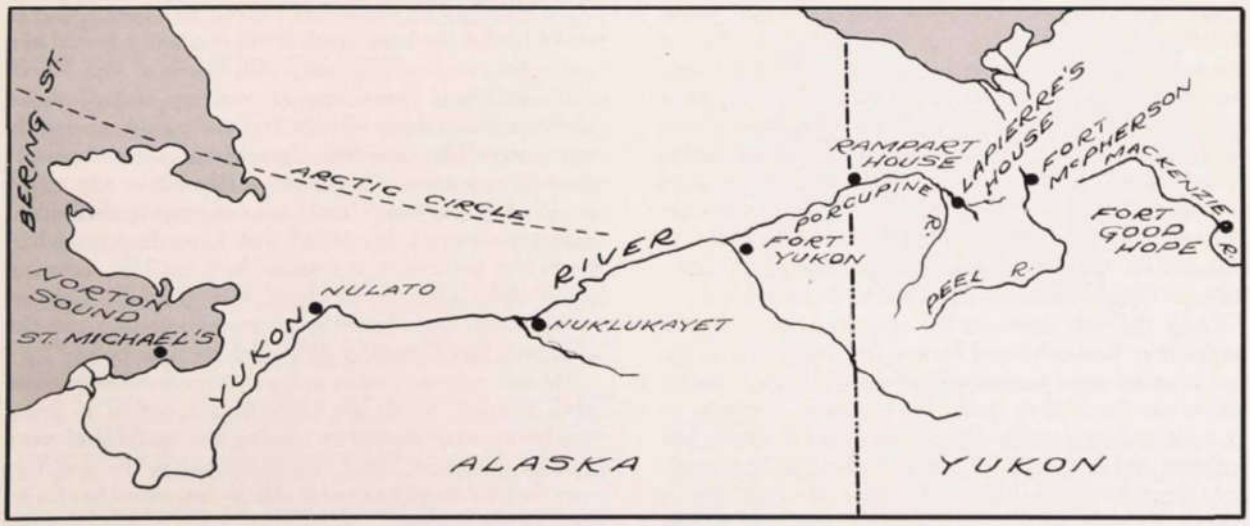
Chief Factor W. F. Tolmie, in charge of the H B C office in Victoria, had got wind of this incursion, and wrote to the officer in charge of Fort Yukon, telling him that Raymond *et al.* would be arriving there, and had "offered to take along some papers. He asks that the commander of Fort Yukon receive him courteously". Tolmie also wrote specifically to James McDougall, the clerk actually in charge of the fort, who was away up the Mackenzie River at the time, telling him about Raymond's mission, which undoubtedly came as a shock.

This voyage of the little steamer, which was renamed *Yukon*, was a pioneering effort, as she was the first of many sternwheelers to ply the now-historic waterway. She arrived safely at her destination on the last day of July, and Raymond found the fort in charge of a young Scot, who had only lately arrived there.

"Notwithstanding the somewhat unpleasant character of our errand," he reported, "we were cordially welcomed by Mr. John Wilson, the agent of the Hudson's Bay Co., and by the Rev. Mr. Bumpus [Bompas] latterly arrived from Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie R."

Raymond and his assistants proceeded to set up their instruments and make their observations, and finally at midnight on 9 August one hundred years ago, he "notified the representative of the Hudson's Bay Co. that the station is in the territory of the United States, that the introduction of trading goods, or any trade by foreigners with the natives, is illegal, and must cease, and that the Hudson's Bay Co. must vacate the buildings as soon as possible. I then took possession of the buildings and raised the flag of the United States over the fort."

In a letter to Wilson he wrote: "It having been ascertained that Fort Yukon is within the territory of the United States, it becomes my duty under instructions of the Treasury Department of the United States to inform you that it is unlawful for you to trade with the Indians within this territory and all such trading will subject you to the penalties of the laws of the United States against smuggling. Such trade must therefore immediately cease." And ". . . the buildings heretofore occupied by your company have become the property of this government."



A. H. Murray setting up the first Fort Yukon, from a sketch by W. J. Phillips for the H B C.

COURTESY JOHN P. CRABB

He ended by pointing out that no foreigners were allowed to enter the Indian country of the U.S.A. without a passport from the War Department under penalty of $1,000 fine, and that the Company's employees must be removed beyond the boundary line as soon as possible. The letter was signed "C. W. Raymond, Inspector of Customs, U.S. Treasury Dept".

As for the successors to the fur trade heretofore carried on by the H B C, there seems to have been some confusion. Lewis B. Parrott of San Francisco had come up on the steamer with Raymond—who presumably approved of Parrott's company taking over the trade. But there was another firm, Hutchinson, Kohl & Co., of the same city, whose agent on the spot was Paul Zandt, and he carried a letter to the effect that he was fully authorized to negotiate any business transactions with the Hudson's Bay Company. Zandt's company claimed to be the successors to the Russian-American Fur Company and stated that in the spring they had entered into arrangements with the board of directors of the H B C in Victoria for the purchase of all their interest in Fort Yukon. They seem to have lost out to Parrott & Co.

Early the next morning the steamer started on the return trip. Raymond and his two men stayed on at the fort to make more accurate observations. Being right on the Arctic Circle they found the nights so bright as to "greatly embarrass such observations," but finally he was satisfied, and they left Fort Yukon by boat on 28 August.

As soon as it became certain that the fort was in Alaska, Parrott wrote, on 9 August, to Chief Trader McDougall, saying he had written to "His Excellency Governor [William] Mactavish" and also Chief Factor W. L. Hardisty of Fort Simpson, in regard to his company's intentions, "the latter letter being left open for your perusal and to be sealed afterwards. I will now merely say that since our arrival here on July 31st all connected with the pioneer steamer *Yukon* have received the most kind and gentlemanly treatment from Mr. Wilson, as well as appreciating fully his position in regard to the Hudson's Bay Company during the probably unexpected change our arrival here has caused."

To Hardisty he wrote that the fort had been found to stand within the boundaries of Alaska, and referred him to the 6th article of the treaty with Russia of 30th March 1867, in which "possession of territory and dominion therein made is declared to be free and unencumbered by any reservations, privileges, franchises, grants or possessions by any associated company, Russian or any other, or by any parties except merely private individual property owners." He added that Capt. Raymond had given him permission to remain there until his company could make some arrangement with the U.S. Government. But if it was found necessary to negotiate with the Hudson's Bay Company they were ready to do so.

He also expressed other polite sentiments in diplomatic vein, such as "we do not exult, we assure you, in being somewhat instrumental in causing the removal of your post at this point", and "we would not in the minutest way wish to destroy the amicable feeling which has for so long a time existed."

A letter very different in tone was written by young John Wilson to his boss, James McDougall, on August 10th, when he knew that the end had come:

My dear Jim: The boat starts tomorrow morning for Lapierre's House with the returns, 40 packs furs, 20 ditto leather [hides], 2 kegs castorum, and the red mud for Simpson.

Everything was going on in the usual way till the latter end of last month, when a Yankee made his appearance with a skin boat for the purpose of purchasing this place. His name is Mr. Paul Zandt, agent for the firm of Hutchinson, Kohl & Co. of San Francisco. But as he could get no satisfaction he took himself off very quietly."

He also mentions that Raymond has arrived at the fort, and

. . . today gave orders to a Yankee firm to take possession of what buildings they may require, but not to put the H B Co. to any inconvenience. So their goods are in our new store. The name of this firm is Parrott & Co. They appear very nice, gentlemanly fellows, but I assure you that I felt my heart come to my mouth when I stood and looked on; but what could a few of us do, for the Captain told me it would be foolishness to make any noise. . . . . They purpose also to purchase the buildings.

"I have used the whole party as kindly as I could. They are not to introduce liquor for trade with the Indians. They have bought up Labarge's party, and your friend Moses and his [illegible] are to winter here. Labarge is in charge of Nulato for this company. . . . They have five posts from St. Michael's to here which they have established this summer. Mr. [F. M.] Smith is the name of the gentleman in charge of affairs in his country. . . . All the particulars you will find in the enclosed papers, and from Mr. Bompas. . . .

"Oh!!! my dear Mac, what would I not give to have had you beside me today. I can neither eat nor sleep for thinking. . . . Hurry on, for God's sake, for I expect some more of these Americans here yet, for they tell me that a boat started nine days from St. Michael's before the steamboat.

He then asks McDougall to bring down a number of his belongings, including winter mittens and a comforter. And he suggests that the governor (Wm. Mactavish at Fort Garry) would be aware of the American party coming there before the Portage la Loche brigade left Red River for the west. Next day—11 August—he continues:

Capt. Raymond . . . is a very nice fellow and enjoys our dry scraps very much; but the Captain put his month's allowance into the house, which I consider ample for himself and assistant. Moses is to make a skiff for them to go to Nulato with.

I sent for old Red Leggings when the steamer arrived. He was a great comfort to me. He declares he will have nothing to do with the Yankees, and if the Company will not build up above he will trade at Lapierre's House.

This House was an entrepôt on the Bell River. Red Leggings (described by Dall as a man of remarkable intelligence) would have got his answer if he could have read the letter that McDougall wrote to Governor Mactavish, from the vicinity of Fort Good Hope, on 13 September after he met the express from Fort Yukon:

I have sent you all the letters that I received so that you will be able to gather all the information yourself much better than I can give it. As I believe we are now at an end as regards the trade at the Yukon, it is likely I will build a small fort on British soil, so as to do what I can toward securing the hunts of our Indians for this year. . .

And now, since they have been so very hasty in securing the trade of Alaska for the benefit of their own traders, it is but right the H B Company should apply to the Canadian or home government to have a like law passed for the benefit of British subjects. By extracts from the treaty between England and Russia you can see such a law did exist. The question now is, in the treaty between the Americans and Russians, have the Americans bound themselves to observe the terms of the old treaty between Russia and Britain, or must a new treaty be made between Britain and America to secure such a right for British subjects? If there is no law to prevent Americans trading in British territory it ought to be looked after by the Company at once, as Mr. Bompas tells me that the representatives of both companies now at Yukon have been making strict enquiries regarding the Mackenzie River, if it was a large river that steamers could ascend, &c. Mr. Bompas also tells me that the Americans told him of a Company that was forming in San Francisco for the trade on the Mackenzie under the title of The English Fur Company.

To take the place of Fort Yukon to some extent in trade with the surrounding Indians, McDougall did build a new post on the Porcupine, and named it Rampart House. But as it was later found that it might also be within the boundaries of Alaska, it was destroyed, and new buildings erected twelve miles farther upstream. It barely paid its way, but was kept up mainly as a protection against the encroachments of American traders from Alaska.

R. G. McConnell of the Geological Survey of Canada, on his memorable voyage down the Liard and Mackenzie and across to the Yukon in 1887-8, found that Fort Yukon had been abandoned; and though strong and solidly built, it had been torn down to supply wood for the Yukon steamers. ◆

Red Leggings, after a sketch by Frederick Whymper.

Correspondence in the H B C Archives is quoted by permission of the Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company. Other references cited include: Index to the Senate Executive Documents of the 3rd Session of the 40th Congress, Washington; Capt. C. W. Raymond, Report of a Reconnaissance of the Yukon River, Alaska Territory, July to Sept. 1869, Washington 1871; R. G. McConnell, Report on an Exploration in the Yukon and Mackenzie Basins of 1887-8, Montreal 1891.

Canadian Exhibition in Paris

MASTERPIECES OF INDIAN AND ESKIMO ART

BY PAQUERETTE VILLENEUVE

Canadian journalist living in France who contributes to many French language publications

"IT IS EXASPERATING THAT, after two years work, this stunning exhibition cannot be presented in the National Museum of Man," fumed Bill Taylor, "but we have no respectable hall to house it!" It really is a pity because William E. Taylor, Jr, the young and impassioned director of the Canadian museum is the one who excavated many of the rarest pieces among the Eskimo sculptures considered by most visitors as the main attraction of "Chefs-d'oeuvre des Arts Indiens et Esquimaux du Canada".

This exhibition, which opened in Paris on 25 March, rapidly showed signs of being the most popular of all the very successful exhibitions organized by the Société des Amis du Musée de l'Homme, whose president is the dynamic Baroness Alix de Rothschild.

Most of the success comes from the basic principle that Marcel Evrard, Commissioner in charge of the exhibition, followed: he considered the objects not as ethnological oddities but as works of art, so he showed them not as testimony of a remote way of life incomprehensible to anyone but the scientist, but as proof of the eternal tendency in men's hearts to display craftsmanship and imagination in all means of expression he has to deal with, be it clothes, religious symbols, tokens like amulets, or simple everyday utensils. Furthermore, to provide the visitor with a feeling of intimacy so that he will give his full attention to what is being shown to him, each work is presented separately. For instance, each of the Eskimo sculptures is displayed in an entirely transparent showcase, the smallest of them—some not more than one inch long—seen through a magnifying glass so that the visitor can catch every nuance of the carving and, on the other side, see the object in its natural dimensions.

French critics were all enthusiastic. These were some of their comments: "Such an exhibition is like a voyage of discovery"—*Le Nouvel Observateur*. "Exciting for the mind"—*Le Monde*. "Event of a rare quality"—*Le Figaro*. "Gives the supernatural its letters of nobility"—*Les Lettres Françaises*.

Time Magazine wrote: "For years, Canada has possessed a treasure-house of early aboriginal art that is as exciting as it is unappreciated. Last week in a show put together by Paris' Musée de l'Homme, the handiwork of Canada's first inhabitants finally got the treatment it deserves. 'A revelation,' was the verdict of Secretary of State Gérard Pelletier. France's great anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss was even more rapturous. 'This is something of a phenomenon' he said."

One hundred and eighty-six pieces are displayed, lent by eleven different Canadian museums. The Canadian government, through the Cultural Affairs Branch of the Department of External Affairs and the Canadian Embassy in Paris, contributed greatly to its funding and organization. The director of the National Museum of Man in Ottawa collected all the shipments from the other ten museums and had them carefully packed. By a happy coincidence, Ian Clark, Canadian Cultural Attaché in Paris, is a former student of archaeology at McGill University and long-time friend of Dr Taylor, so he was aware of the importance of the exhibition and helped to solve problems facing the organizer in Paris, M. Evrard. As for Dr Taylor, he was the best of ambassadors to deal with the Canadian curators whenever M. Evrard, who visited them repeatedly, was short of arguments. Not all the museums were prepared, for safety's sake, to let their treasures go but with much diplomacy and patience everything was arranged so that the exhibition would be of first-rate quality. Only one museum refused to contribute.

After September the exhibition will be moved to Ottawa for a six-week presentation, opening in November, at the National Gallery of Canada as a joint venture of the Gallery and the National Museum of Man. Dr Taylor has expressed his appreciation for the Gallery's accepting this solution to his space problem.

GAUDIAT

At the Musée de l'Homme for the opening of the exhibition in March were (l. to r.) Messrs Edgar Faure, Minister of Education for France, Gérard Pelletier, Secretary of State representing the Canadian government, and Ambassador Paul Beaulieu.

A section of the Northwest Coast exhibit showing two 19th century Kwakiutl carvings, an entrance figure and a grizzly bear housepost, a painted Tsimshian partition from the Skeena River and, in the case, a Tsimshian wooden amulet.

With its 186 pieces, it is the biggest such exhibition ever held here in the Musée de l'homme where a gallery on the first floor was specially built for the occasion. One of the exhibition's four major parts consists of prehistoric Canadian Eskimo sculptures. Readers of *The Beaver* are familiar with illustrations and discussions of these items (Swinton and Taylor, Autumn 1967; Martijn, Autumn 1967; Taylor, Spring 1965). Of the rare Eskimo sculptures found to this day, not all are of equal aesthetic value but the twenty-one pieces, including specimens of Dorset culture, chosen for the exhibition are breath-taking. "If the carved miniatures were blown up to the size of the Kwakiutl entrance statue (a wooden figure twelve feet high), the plastic superiority of the Eskimo masterpieces would be even more apparent" said France's Minister of Culture, André Malraux, himself a foremost scholar of aboriginal art.

The most ancient sculpture discovered so far, an ivory miniature mask from Sugluk Island (illustrated in *The Beaver* Autumn 1967 pp 44, 78) was found by Dr Taylor in 1958, five feet below the ground. He thinks it was related to funeral ritual and to a shamanistic kind of religion. Most early Eskimo sculptures are made of antler, driftwood or ivory, with only one of soapstone. Ivory swans, bears, seals and falcons bring to us this prehistoric art, as does a fantastic comb made of walrus tusk, that looks like a Modigliani. The sculptures come from the National Museum of Man and the Eskimo Museum of Churchill, Manitoba.

The second part of the exhibition deals with the tribes of the North West Coast: the Salish, the Tsimshian, the Kwakiutl, the Haida, and the Nootka. The works come from the National Museum of Man, the Provincial Museum of British Columbia, the Glenbow-Alberta Institute, the University of B.C. Dept. of Anthropology, the McCord Museum of McGill, the Royal Ontario Museum, and the Vancouver Centennial Museum.

"I consider that the culture of the North West Indians produced an art on a par with that of Greece or Egypt", said M. Lévi-Strauss, "and preservation of their works from rotting away in Canadian forests should be considered as urgent as the salvaging of Egypt's Abu Simbel".

With more than a hundred pieces, the art of the North West Coast, known mainly for its totem poles, gets away from its conventional image. It is a comprehensive display of a civilization that survived the arrival of the European. It starts with a small soapstone figure seven inches long, found in a burial ground at Kamloops, B.C., showing a seated young woman giving birth to a child. The face has a pained and innocent expression and it conveys in a most effective way the experience awaiting a girl on maturity. It was believed to have been used by the

Prehistoric soapstone figure found in an Indian burial ground in the interior plateau region of British Columbia.

shaman in puberty ceremonies. Also shown are shamans' rattles. Representation of the phases of human life gives birth to mysterious and challenging masterpieces. Mysterious because we have not yet got over our anxieties in matters of life and death, and challenging because we wonder what answer former civilizations found to these problems. Surely this is what gives such an emotional impact to the present exhibition, the impact being emphasized by the respect with which the organizers have treated every element of it.

There are many stone charms and effigies, tiny sculptures made of antler or soapstone representing human heads, animals and birds.

We soon come to the wooden sculptures: house posts used inside the large houses to support the frame, and totem poles, dishes, puppets and rattles. On the Northwest Coast not only religious but social life found its interpretation through art. As Professor Wilson Duff of the Anthropology Department of the University of B.C. writes: "The religious art may be seen as an attempt to make visible and tangible the supernatural beings of the universe, so that man's relations with them could be dramatized in ritual. . . . the social art may be seen as a way of making the social structure visible, by displaying the heraldic crests of the kinship groups and proclaiming the special privileges of the chiefs."

Many European museums have examples of house posts and totem poles but this exhibition makes it clear that they were not the beginning and end of Northwest Indian art. There are also some twenty masks. As one observer put it: "Basically of painted wood, they are sufficient to explain why West Coast art is held to be one of the great art forms of mankind—the strength, assurance and complexity of line, the balance and cohesion of forms are among the eloquent qualities that permit this art to register on our senses despite those senses being so deeply conditioned by training in a non-Indian, European art heritage."

The third and fourth parts of the exhibition, primitive art of the Indians of the Canadian Prairies and art of the Indians of Eastern Canada, are grouped together.

Two small sculptures of bison, one in a greenish type of stone and the other of milky white quartz, found in Alberta and Saskatchewan, bring us to the prairies.

The most striking pieces in these last two sections are the costumes made of buckskin; embroidered with beads or porcupine-quill patterns, decorated with stripes and spots of paint representing knife or bullet wounds, enriched with ermine fur, they are worthy of splendid warriors.

There are also some birchbark initiation scrolls. The Ojibwa Indians made up for their lack of alphabet by symbols inscribed on the scrolls that were part of the complex ritual in the medicine society ceremonies.

The Iroquois masks used in curing rites are the most bizarre ones to be found in the exhibition. With their deer teeth, their metal eyes, twisted noses and skulls covered

with horsehair, they should have frightened any evil spirits from the sick!

The intricately embroidered saddle-bags and luxurious ceremonial headdresses have more appeal, if not more fantasy. Two prehistoric shell gorgets, carved to resemble human faces are dramatically effective.

On the whole the exhibition gives the Canadian visitor a tremendous feeling of belonging. It is not often that one admires a piece of art 5,000 years old coming from one's own so-called young country, and this gives an unexpected force to this display. Here, for the first time in such impressive numbers, are some of the links that bind us to our past. The feeling behind it all was explained by Dr Taylor in this way:

"The dramatic worth of this art, a wealth of Canada's older heritage, reflecting the richness of Canadian Indian and Eskimo cultures, had to be made known to Canadians and to an international audience. This too motivated Marcel Evrard, and all the other participants—and led the contributing museums to lend their finest pieces, unique and often fragile, for presentation in the Musée de l'Homme in Paris, and in Ottawa. Fortunately, the elegant catalogue provides a durable record of this admirable exhibition."

Although in Canada it will be presented only in the capital, if the Canadian public responds with as much enthusiasm as the French public has, it will awaken a new appreciation of Canadian indigenous art. ◆

Wooden Iroquois mask, c. 1820, used by the False Face Society in curing rites, has metal eyes and horsehair wig.

A necklace of beads and fur, worn by the Plains Cree at the Rain Dance. The horned figure represents the half-buffalo child.

PHOTOS COURTESY MUSEE DE L'HOMME

Plains Cree

Text by E. S. ROGERS

Drawings by LEE UPDIKE

THE PLAINS CREE are relatively recent arrivals on the northern plains having formerly lived farther east within the Subarctic, a land of dense forests of black spruce, lakes, and muskeg. During the early years of the 18th century, under the impetus of the fur trade, some Cree moved west into a totally different environment and took on a new culture, that of Plains Indians. They were first mentioned by La Vérendrye in 1730. Soon they were in conflict with the Blackfoot, a hostility that lasted into the latter part of the last century.

The Plains Cree spoke dialects of the Algonkian linguistic family, dialects closely allied to their neighbours to the north, the Wood Cree and to the east, the Swampy Cree. They referred to themselves as *Nai ah yah' og* or "those who speak the same tongue". Their numbers are difficult to determine but at times there were as many as 7,000 individuals. Disease, especially smallpox, in 1781-2, took its toll of the Plains Cree and their numbers have varied greatly over the years. But in 1838 when smallpox again ravaged the western Indians the Plains Cree were practically immune due to the policy of the Hudson's Bay Company of having previously inoculated most members of the tribe.

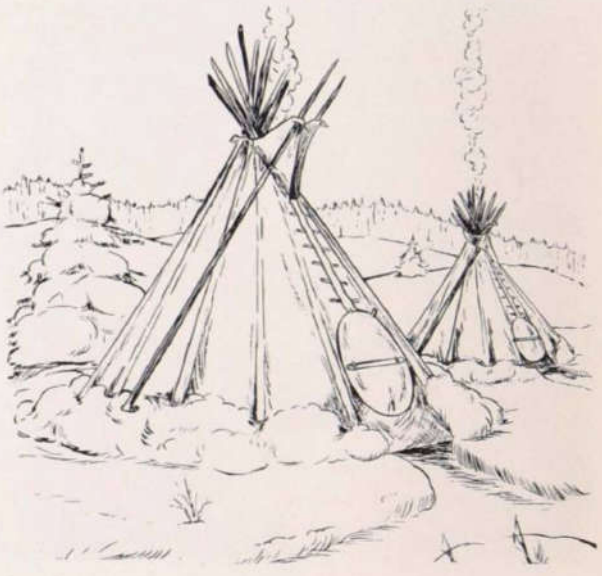
The country the Plains Cree came to occupy was located along the North and South Saskatchewan, Battle and Qu'Appelle Rivers of eastern Alberta and southern Saskatchewan. Primarily a level land, it was blanketed with rich black soil which supported a luxuriant growth of grasses, the sustenance for countless thousands of bison. Streams and rivers have cut deeply into the land. Hills occurred here and there and were frequently forested.

Bison (often called buffalo), plentiful during the warmer parts of the year, became the basis of the Plains Cree way of life. Bison supplied them with food, hides for lodge coverings, moccasin soles, robes, thongs, sinew for thread, and bones for tools. Deer, elk, and moose, inhabitants of the more wooded areas, added to the diet of the Indians and provided skins from which they could make clothing. Other animals included wolves, coyotes, lynx, badgers, rabbits, gophers, beaver, bear, fisher, fox, woodchuck, marten, mink, otter, porcupine, skunk, squirrel, and wolverine. Birds consisted of prairie chickens, eagles, hawks, loons, buzzards, cranes, ravens, owls, pelicans, ducks and geese. The streams and rivers contained gold-eye, pike, burbot, sturgeon, wall-eyed pike, and suckers. In addition, the country provided the Cree with berries and tubers or roots, such as "Indian turnip". The northern plains were a bountiful land especially during the summer months. But the winters were long, cold, windy, snowy and then food might be difficult to secure.

The Plains Cree as they moved out of the subarctic forest adapted their way of life to the new environmental conditions they encountered. The yearly round of activities was adjusted to allow them to effectively exploit the resources available.

The focal point of the year was the Sun Dance held in late June or early July attended by large numbers of people. During the spring, messengers carrying tobacco and invitations visited the scattered camps of the Plains Cree to notify everyone of the place and time of the forthcoming ritual. The Sun Dance was a time of great social activity at which various dances were performed, gambling and games played, and courtship undertaken.

The Sun Dance was performed because of a vow made by a man, never a woman. A spirit, usually the "sun" or "thunder spirit", granted the right to hold the ceremony. The pledger might own his own Sun Dance songs, but if not he would request one who did to conduct the ritual.



When the camp was established for the Sun Dance and at other times during the summer bison hunt, the tipis were arranged in a circle with the entrance facing south. The Plains Cree possessed only tipis for shelter except one group who adopted earth-lodges. Tipis were made, erected, and owned by women or men or both. The foundation for such a lodge consisted of three poles against which others were laid. The framework was covered with ten to twelve bison hides sewn together. An oval opening covered with a piece of hide served as a doorway. Two flaps at the apex controlled the ventilation. Inside a hide might be attached to the lower half for added insulation, a feature of extreme importance during cold winter months. Behind many of the lodges, small tripods were erected to support the sacred bundles.

The Sun Dance, held at a pre-arranged site, lasted for two or three weeks but only if sufficient bison were grazing near by to ensure an adequate supply of food for the unusually large number of people who had assembled.

As August approached, the Plains Cree who had gathered for the Sun Dance separated and each band

moved to its own territory. Now they spent the following weeks hunting bison and collecting roots. To obtain the latter, a special digging stick was employed. As summer neared its end, the people travelled to the hills and valleys to gather berries. They did not, though, neglect to hunt for game. Those who camped near lakes might gather wild rice and those who lived in earth lodges harvested their maize and potatoes, the only group who practised some agriculture.

Travelling with their goods loaded on travois. Dogs hauled these carrying poles before there were horses on the plains.

A participant in the ceremony of the Smoking Tipis.

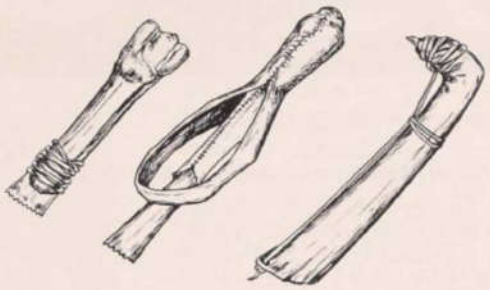
To exploit the environment through hunting, the Plains Cree frequently had to be on the move. For mobility they employed horses, first secured from neighbours to the south about 1770. Horses dragged travois on which were placed the Indians' belongings, and were ridden. The Cree acquired horses when they moved out onto the Plains but they, unlike many other Plains Indians, never had a great many. Besides using horses for transportation, the Cree depended on them in the hunt for bison during the spring and summer. Groups of mounted hunters would descend upon a herd of bison and each rider would select an animal and give chase, trying to bring it down. In the early days, the Cree had only bows and arrows for such a hunt but later, after the arrival of the traders, they acquired guns.

Occasionally in autumn, although as a rule in the spring, the Smoking Tipis ceremony, a rite which ranked next to the Sun Dance, was given to honour a vow. The pledger, in order to hold the ceremony, had to have acquired the right through a vision, by purchase, or through inheritance. The performance consisted of a night long singing session accompanied by many prayers, the presenting of offerings, and the ritual handling of sacred pipes.

Decorated pipestem.

During the fall, small groups of men left camp for short periods of time to hunt elk and deer. As the weather turned cold, the hunters prepared to kill bison. To accomplish this they built chutes and pounds in which the animals, as they moved from the open plains to the wooded areas where they would spend the winter, were trapped. For this task, many families gathered together. A shaman who had been given the power by a spirit helper was in charge of preparing the trap. A chute and pound was good only for one winter and then a new one had to be constructed the following season. Although the Cree were able to slaughter large numbers of bison during the fall, by January and February the yield from the chute and pound had dropped considerably. This technique was a most effective hunting method and the Plains Cree were masters of it. Once a kill had been made the women dressed the animals, cut the meat into strips and dried it for winter use. They also prepared the hides, working them soft with the aid of bone scrapers and fleshers. Dressing the hides was a tedious task.

As winter approached, those who intended to trap for fur left for wooded areas where beaver, otter and other fur-bearers might be found. Now, large encampments were no longer possible. The people disbanded and formed small units, each of several families, which moved into sheltered terrain for protection against the cold winter storms that would soon sweep over the northern plains. Nevertheless, subsistence pursuits were continued. The men sought elk, deer, and bison and fished when and where possible. Moose and deer were stalked or run down and the latter decoyed, the hunter wearing a headdress consisting of the ears of the animal, a technique used primarily during the rutting season. Small animals were taken in snares and deadfalls and fish speared at openings in the river ice.

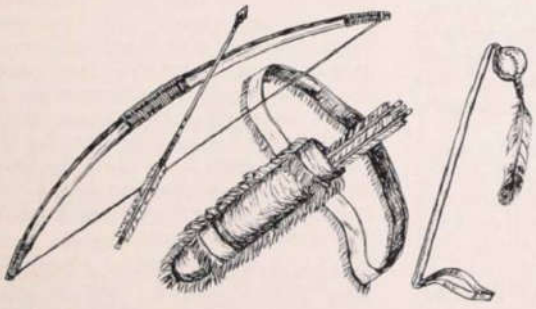


Hide-working tools.

As the snow began to disappear and the streams became free of ice, new activities were undertaken. In spots where conditions were favourable, a number of people gathered to fish. The men built fish weirs of poles and stones. Such a trap consisted of two rows of poles that converged toward the middle of a stream. Here a trough-like arrangement of poles was erected onto which the fish swam and became stranded. The fishermen worked at night. One signalled the entrance of the fish, a second pushed them farther up into the trough with a scoop net and a third clubbed the stranded fish. Fish were dried for later use. Fishing, although not a characteristic feature of Plains Indian life, may have been emphasized as the bison disappeared toward the end of last century.

With warmer weather the small dispersed groups of Plains Cree who had sought shelter in the woods for the winter began to move out onto the plains and seek the returning herds of bison. The groups grew in size and journeyed toward the site of the forthcoming Sun Dance. By the end of June or early in July they had again all assembled and were ready to start another year of varied activities.

By the latter part of the nineteenth century, this round of activities had been shattered. The immense herds of bison had practically disappeared, treaties had been signed and the Indians settled on reserves. Euro-Canadians had occupied the land, once the domain of the Plains Cree. Since then they have sought to regain their identity. ◆



The war club is a stone encased in rawhide.

Fish weir built of stones and poles.

NORTHERN BOOKS

ART OF THE KWAKIUTL INDIANS
and Other Northwest Coast Tribes

By Audrey Hawthorn. University of Washington Press, Seattle and London, 1967, 410 pages, illus., bibliog. U.S. $25.00, Canada $26.00.

Reviewed by Erna Gunther

In a day when so many publications in primitive art are catalogues, either of temporary exhibitions or a museum's holdings, this tremendous book seems too large to be included in this category. However, it represents the Northwest Coast collection of the Museum of Anthropology at the University of British Columbia, good and not so good, large and small, fully illustrated with more than a thousand photographs.

Mrs Hawthorn has divided the material under headings of use in the culture which establishes a good anthropological base, but for the person not at all familiar with the culture the interrelationships of these headings is not always clear. Writers in primitive art, when dealing with a regional art, generally assume that many readers would not be familiar with the region and the culture and therefore need more preparation to derive the greatest pleasure and information from the text.

Since the museum at the University of British Columbia is small and has rotating exhibitions, it is all the more important that its collection be presented as a whole in book form. It truly is impressive. The title indicates that the largest proportion of the material is from the Kwakiutl. It is seldom that a museum has the opportunity to build such a collection especially at this time. Furthermore this collection is all the more important because it has forerunners. Some of these are frequently referred to in the text. The period between 1880 and the beginning of the 20th century was the second great collecting era on the Northwest Coast, the first being the 18th century collections of the explorers and fur traders. However, few of them came into the inside passage and therefore missed the Kwakiutl area. In the 1880s Captain Jacobsen obtained some pieces now in the Museum für Volkerkunde in Berlin-Dahlem, and in the following decade Boas laid the groundwork for our knowledge of the Northwest Coast with his famous collection and account of the 1895 potlatch at Fort Rupert. Many of these pieces are also in Berlin. In the early part of the 20th century Dr Samuel Barrett, the director of the Milwaukee Public Museum made an excellent collection of Kwakiutl masks which has just recently been discussed and analysed in print by Robert Ritzenthaler and Lee A. Parsons.

Now this fine book is the third step in this historical sequence. The masks in each of these books can be compared in style and still more important this last and largest collection is annotated in a manner seldom found. Many masks can not only be assigned to a certain ceremony, but also be attributed to an artist and a village, as well as dated. A concentrated study of this material would show clearly that ceremonials, as well as other features of culture, change. This publication truly opens the way to extensive research.

KWAKIUTL ETHNOGRAPHY

By Franz Boas, edited and with an introduction by Helen Codere. The University of Chicago Press and the University of Toronto Press, 1967. 439 pages, bibliog., illus. $12.50.

Reviewed by Erna Gunther

This publication is an outstanding example of good scholarship and infinite patience. At last one can read a general ethnography of the Kwakiutl between two covers. The current book consists of an unpublished manuscript by Boas which is in the archives of the American Philosophical Society and selected quotations from the Kwakiutl ethnographic material already published through the years since 1896. This is used to make the manuscript a more complete story.

At the time that the first of these ethnographic texts was published it was still regarded as a questionable procedure, but while there have been others, none ever achieved the quantity of the Kwakiutl texts. Such a method of recording has obvious advantages: a quantity of the texts is accumulated for linguistic study and at the same time they serve to express cultural activities in the terms of the people themselves. For example, George Hunt who was Boas' principal informant and who was taught to write text himself, shows how carefully every step of any cultural activity was realized in the mind of the Kwakiutl. There is nothing comparable in the literature of the Northwest Coast. It is almost a matter of not seeing the forest for all the trees.

Dr Codere has carefully selected from this vast body of material those passages which form transitions to the text of the manuscript and bring much better organization into the masses of material in the earlier publications. She has also "translated" much of the older writing where Boas uses many Kwakiutl words which are only once put into English and often that page is hard to find again. Dr Codere has also been very faithful to the principles of Boas' work. He did not write ethnographic studies on a theoretical base, interpreting his findings, and she has maintained this descriptive manner.

The historical significance of this work is also important, for it brings together many years of work with one informant and reveals the changing attitude he had toward his own culture which was undergoing a drastic transition period. Too many ethnographies record a culture at the moment in its history when they make contact with it so that it seems to have no past — and regrettably many do not have a future. Here the Kwakiutl were observed for fifty years, a record which should serve for the basis of better acculturation studies.

Dr Codere has created for the students of the Northwest Coast a most valuable addition to its literature. Furthermore this compact presentation of the Kwakiutl ethnography should counteract the harsh criticisms which have been made in recent times about Boas as an ethnographer, his work being rated by the number of days he was in the field. As is clearly shown here he "lived" with the Kwakiutl in New York as well as at Fort Rupert.

Dr Gunther was a student of Professor Boas and received her Ph.D. under him. She is now Professor of Anthropology at the University of Alaska.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF THE CANADIAN NORTH

By K. J. Rea. Published in Association with the University of Saskatchewan by the University of Toronto Press, 1968. 453 pages. $13.50

Reviewed by Jim Lotz

Some sort of Gresham's Law in reverse may finally be operating in Canada's North. For too long, bad information on northern development has driven out good, and guesswork, hopes and vague visions have taken the place of accurate data and a realistic understanding of the limits of the possible.

Dr Rea's book is a massive and sober attempt to understand what the North is all about, and to examine the pattern of development there to date. It is subtitled "An Interpretation of the Course of Development in the Northern Territories of Canada to the Early 1960s". The book is analytical rather than hysterical, and calm instead of emotional. It presses no particular cause and the author's lack of personal knowledge of the North ensures its objectivity. Too many northern writers give the impression that they are carrying the Territories on their shoulders.

The book is in four sections—a general introduction to the geography, population and administration of the Yukon and the Northwest Territories, a discussion of privately sponsored activities in the Territories and of publicly sponsored activities, and three chapters on "The Problem of Territorial Development".

The research for the book was begun in 1954. Dr Rea wrote his doctorate on the theme of northern development, and this book seems to be half thesis and half additional, new material. The author comments on "the disorderly state of our national thinking about the north" and it is refreshing to see the term "political economy" used. There seems to be some belief that the North is "apolitical" and that the developments there do not reflect the views and values of those who hold political power over the area. Dr Rea is obviously at ease in most of the book that deals with the development of the North until recent years, when the federal government pledged itself to "develop" the Territories without stopping to define what it meant by development. All the talk of the rich north and of the need to incorporate the north into the nation has not obscured the fact that, for most of its history, the area has been a place where white men went to clean up and clear out. The author discusses this developmental *laissez-faire*, and then shows how it was replaced by welfare statism. From ignoring the North, the central government swung around to great concern based on humane, economic, defence and political grounds. Dr Rea documents the dilemma of the development of a great harsh land by an historical approach and by case studies. He examines the origins of the Northern Canada Power Commission, Northern Transportation Company and the Great Slave Lake Railway to show the difficulties of operating in the Territories. He raises the right questions about the North and helps to clear away the emotional fog that for too long has obscured a realistic appraisal of northern development. The weaknesses of territorial governments, the control of resources, the place of native peoples in the economy, the provision of services, the boom and bust dilemma—all these are discussed in detail. The final section on development is the strongest part of the book. Indeed, the author seems to be hitting his stride as the books ends. He discusses cost-benefit approaches to northern projects with great precision and the idea of a northern development agency in a vague way.

This is a good book—but it is not an easy one. For one thing, it is too long, and unnecessarily repetitious. It still has the thesis air about it, and much of the earlier part of the book could have been condensed or omitted. The writing is even but undistinguished, although the author shows, in flashes, that he can write well. With some hefty cutting and skilled editing, an excellent, short paperback on northern development (much needed in universities) could be quarried from this large tome.

Jim Lotz is Research Professor (Community Development) and Associate Director, Canadian Research Centre for Anthropology, Saint Paul University, Ottawa.

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THE STORY OF COMOCK THE ESKIMO

As told to Robert Flaherty, edited by Edmund Carpenter. Simon & Schuster, New York, 1968. 95 pages, illus. $4.50

This is a haunting story. It haunted Robert Flaherty after he heard it from Comock in 1912. It haunted Edmund Carpenter after he heard it from Flaherty in 1949. Now it can haunt you. For Comock it was ten years in his life and that of his family, ten desolate difficult years, preceded by tragedy and culminating when thirteen people in an improvised umiak reached a cliff near Cape Wolstenholme where Flaherty and a fur trader were hunting.

One may wonder how the Eskimo people have survived through the centuries in the unrelenting Arctic. Comock's story provides the answer. To lose almost everything—a wife, some children, tools—to start again with an ivory knife and fire-making stones as sole equipment, to succeed through acceptance, endurance, and quiet courage, these are the revelations of Comock's story.

The emotional appeal of the story lies in the simplicity of its telling, with no attempt at dramatization. It is enhanced by the drawings, done by contemporaries of Comock, scattered through the pages. Edmund Carpenter has given a fine and sensitive presentation.—*M.B.*

THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS 1774-1966

By Kathleen E. Dalzell. Obtainable from Mrs Dalzell, 2125 Seal Cove Circle, Prince Rupert, B.C. 1968, 340 pages, illus. $12.00

Reviewed by Lyn Harrington

Better-written than most books of local history and pioneer reminiscence, here is a book to be cherished by visitors to the Queen Charlotte Islands. It is also a valuable document for historians, though too detailed for the general-interest reader. It presupposes considerable interest in the misty islands lying west of Prince Rupert, B.C.

This volume makes me realize how much I missed on a month-long visit to the Charlottes. The half-dozen abandoned Haida villages which I visited by fishing-boat were only half the total of former settlements. The pleasant islanders I met held more intriguing stories than I suspected.

Mrs Dalzell gathered "enough material for five such volumes". Wisely, she restricted herself but without squeezing the juice out of the material retained. The author grew up at Port Clements, Q.C.I., where her father, "Timber Limits" Williams, still lives. She has lived her adult life in Prince Rupert, making many visits to the Charlottes in her research. In the past six years, she interviewed old-timers, descendants of pioneers, scanned family records, and read history. Fifty years ago, her father kept a journal in court shorthand which he co-operatively transcribed for his daughter's use.

Because of a small potential market, publishers are usually reluctant to accept local history manuscripts. Happily, Vancouver's Leon and Thea Koerner Foundation recognized the value of such documentation. A former Port Clements neighbour, C. M. Adam, financed the actual publication. The book justified the financial assistance and Kathleen Dalzell's efforts.

In covering two centuries of history, the author has skimped at both ends —reasonably enough, since these periods are covered in other publications. Seven pages cover the period from the Depression Years to the present. From an estimated 6,693 in 1840, the population sagged to barely 600 at the turn of the century, but has slowly climbed to around 5,000 at present.

Part One of the book is devoted to the Haida Indians, their customs and culture, their contacts with explorers, fur traders, and missionaries. Several chapters in the Appendix recount legends and their origins.

Part Two is the longer, and deals with the coming of the white man with his religion and his competitive outlook. Furs, trading posts, farming, mining, dogfish oil, logging, and most recently, peat moss have marked the islands' economic history.

Mrs Dalzell's account of the removal of Haida totem poles is brief but of peculiar interest (p.102-3). She exonerates pioneer missionaries of the persistent charge that they encouraged the wholesale destruction of the carved poles, yet she excoriates government men for saving others by removal. Remembering how fallen poles lay rotting in the leaf-mould, I am thankful that some were saved, even if in far-away museums.

The 85 historic photographs and the sketch maps are useful, though not of top quality. Typographical and spelling errors are too numerous. A complete index would have been very unwieldy, but the omissions can be exasperating. No doubt book-owners will make additional entries to pages of particular interest. However, the footnotes appear on the pages to which they belong, instead of in a long list at the back of the book.

One small gripe—I wish there had been more natural history information, more of the mystery and glamour of the lovely islands. Still, Mrs Dalzell has peopled the empty islands with lively characters and with courageous or rollicking ghosts. What a source of plots for pioneer fiction!

Extensive travels in Canada and the rest of the world have resulted in a number of books by Mrs Harrington, her latest being the seventh for young people, "The Luck of the La Vérendryes" for which she received a Centennial Commission grant.

HOURS AND THE BIRDS
A SASKATCHEWAN RECORD

By R. D. Symonds, University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 1967, 224 pages, illus. $12.50.

Reviewed by Chris Vickers

This is not just an ordinary bird book. Its principal theme is birds but Mr Symonds has presented his readers with an ecological study of Saskatchewan and Alberta that every bird lover should own. Little escaped the observant eyes of the author and it is the kind of book Thoreau would have read with relish, it is not loaded with "hasty schedules or inventories of God's property," but his land was, as Thoreau said: ". . . a drama of many scenes and without an end".

Starting from the south he moves in successive chapters north into the tundra, describing the birds, mammals, and natural environment of the changing geographical areas. Then concludes the volume with five chapters that describe the lives of birds on the western prairies. There is many a happy phrase in all these chapters. The "spear-pointed spruce" has a brevity that will be long remembered by those who read this book; many of them seem to echo Gilbert White who described the grasshopper-warbler as "whispering in the bushes".

The most significant portion of Mr Symonds' book, however, is the delightful colour plates and pencil sketches from his notebooks, many of these dating back nearly thirty years. Like Audubon he paints his birds in a natural setting. When you look at his painting of the western meadowlark all the wide open prairie scene is there. Sacheverell Sitwell once said that Audubon ". . . was artist first, then naturalist, and cataloguer least, and last of all". In his own way Mr Symonds is a prairie Audubon with a keen eye for the beauty that mechanical man is fast destroying.

I will take down this book many times to re-examine its paintings and black and white sketches. I will read its pages for their easy, informal approach to the beauty of the western scene, happy to know that a man has lived on the prairies with eyes that really see, who had time to pause and look, who could go out on a summer evening and

". . . find blue fragrance
In a lonely place."

Mr Symonds shares this enchantment with his readers.

Chris Vickers, retired country editor of the Winnipeg Free Press is a keen naturalist and archaeologist who has written many articles on these subjects.

PICTOGRAPHS (Indian Rock Paintings) in the Interior of British Columbia.

Privately printed by John Corner, R.R. 4, Vernon, British Columbia 1968. 131 pp. illus., biblio. $4.00.

Reviewed by Douglas Leechman

Most people have never seen a pictograph, nor do they know what it is, but those who are familiar with them are almost always fascinated by this form of Indian art. Many archaeologists have recorded them, many amateurs have photographed them, and many people have ruined them by chalking the outlines of the paintings, often using their imagination where the design was not clear and in so doing falsifying the original, but it has remained for John Corner to give the whole subject of Indian paintings on rock some serious study, and he has produced the best book of its kind since Mallery's monumental "Picture Writing of the American Indians" was published in 1888-9 by the Bureau of American Ethnology.

Corner has spent several years in pursuit of these primitive works of art and has recorded hundreds of them in careful detail. They are all reproduced, to scale and in reddish-brown colour, in his book, and it's a

book, I may add, which is a joy to look at, to read, to show to others, and to own. Let nothing prevent you from getting a copy if you have any interest in art or in anthropology.

The matter of their age is discussed. It usually is when pictographs are involved. Many like to believe they are thousands of years old, which is improbable. Others believe most of them are comparatively recent. Some were certainly painted in the last couple of generations; for example, James Teit, of Spence's Bridge who died in 1922, knew personally women who had painted a record of their experiences during their first menstrual seclusion.

Indians, when queried, deny all knowledge of the pictographs, of how old they are, or of who painted them. That is nothing to be surprised at, for they know all too well the white man's way of ridiculing their customs and beliefs. Many of the men questioned had undoubtedly themselves painted a record of their own visions and dreams when in quest of a guardian spirit.

There is too the probability that some pictographs have no more significance than the doodlings in a telephone booth. I myself saw an Indian working on a petroglyph in 1920. We were on shore at Agate Pass, waiting for the tide to turn to allow my return to Seattle. There were several faces pecked on a large rock nearby and he idly continued work on a half-finished one. He told me that he had done some of them and his father had carved some others. They had, he assured me, no religious or other significance at all.

There are still many pictographs, in all probability, that have not yet been recorded and Corner hopes to get to all those in British Columbia in due time. Meanwhile, many are being destroyed by road building, by mining, by flooding, by weathering, and by sheer vandalism and wilful destruction. Thank goodness somebody is working at recording and preserving them.

CANOEING WITH THE CREE

By Eric Sevareid. Reprint edition, The Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul, Minnesota, 1968. 206 pages, illus. $4.50

Reviewed by Bruce Litteljohn

Eric Sevareid, fifty-six years of age, is a distinguished news analyst. He was seventeen when he and Walt Port —two years his senior—climbed into an old canvas-covered canoe at St Paul and headed up the Minnesota River, bound for Hudson Bay. Between the inexperienced youths and their goal lay 2,250 miles of paddle-pushing and portaging, much of it along almost forgotten wilderness canoe trails.

Their route lay upstream on the Minnesota, then north with the current of the Red River to Lake Winnipeg. Few people had paddled the Minnesota or Red since fur trade *voyageurs* had passed from history, and it was a substantial accomplishment for the boys to make it to Lake Winnipeg. The great lake, however, posed challenges of another order entirely. "It may as well have been the Atlantic Ocean", wrote Sevareid. "As far around as we could see stretched water and nothing but water—more water than either of us had seen at one time before." The lake was frightening, but the lure of its beauty helped to overcome fear: "Who could have turned back in country like this? It was beautiful. The water was cold; tiny, rocky islands of granite, with a few scraggly birch and spruce topping them, dotted the lake as far as we could see. The waves sloshed up on the rocks with a steady, resounding rhythm; overhead hawks circled and dived, and occasionally, when we came in close, we could hear animal noises within the dark forest."

Racing the imminent freeze-up, and rejecting sombre warnings that they would never make it to the Bay, Sevareid and Port conquered the stormy northern reaches of Lake Winnipeg with the help of the steamer *Wolverine*. The next leg of their trip lay through 500 miles of almost trackless wilderness, and, having savoured the strong sense of history at Norway House—the storied H B C post on Playgreen Lake— they turned away and headed toward Gods Lake, Gods River, and Hudson Bay.

The story now becomes one of white water and portages. It is also one of courage, brute endurance, a rapidly developing sense of self-reliance, and desperate (and thrilling) approaches to a watery grave. We see the wilderness as crucible as the boys from St Paul rise to meet challenges which would have taxed the powers of the toughest *homme du nord*. And then, finally and suddenly, the river's end—Hudson Bay, with ancient York Factory standing like an exclamation mark on the bare-topped embankment near the mouth of the Hayes. Here, fourteen weeks and a world of experience from their home, Sevareid and Port beached their battered canoe for the last time. Understandably proud, and certainly happy, they clambered up the embankment, having accomplished one of the most striking canoe voyages of this century.

Canoeing with the Cree was written in the following year, 1931, when Sevareid was eighteen years of age. Its language is simple and direct, and its rhythm is set to the vigorous swing of paddles in the hands of venturesome boys. It tells of a great imaginative leap on the part of two high-school boys, a leap away from the familiar, and one launched in the face of considerable adult scepticism and nay-saying. Imagination and determination are the stuff of this book. It should be refreshing to many, and especially challenging to young people.

Mr Litteljohn, a master at Upper Canada College, has made many wilderness canoe trips and was for a time a ranger in Quetico Park.

ANY OLD LETTERS?

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The 300-year-old records of the Hudson's Bay Company have been built up by the preservation of many thousands of documents. These archives are an invaluable source of information on history, trading, exploration, native customs in North America.

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So, if any reader has old letters, documents, reports, photographs pertaining to H B C affairs or employees the Company would be grateful to receive them and would see that they are cared for and made available for research. Such documents may be sent in any time, addressed to The Librarian, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, or a letter of enquiry sent first; and remember that if they are too precious to part with now, they could be bequeathed to the Company.

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